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THE POPE AND ITALY.

ALTHOUGH the announcement that the Pope has already taken steps to reopen negotiations with Victor Emmanuel is probably premature, there can be little doubt that it fore-shadows an event which soon must happen. The present position of his Holiness is no longer tenable, and his best friends see that it is not. No Protestant—no mere secular politician—could have drawn a more deplorable picture of it than did Cardinal Cullen the other day at Dublin. Even in the hour of his own exaltation he could find no words of hope to bestow upon the probable fate of the head of his Church. He admits unreservedly that the Pope cannot stand by himself—that the temporal power has, in fact, ceased to be any power at all. Some one must prop the tottering throne, but then there is no one who will undertake the task. With the defeat of Sadowa, and the cession of Venetia, there is an end of the last lingering notion that Austria might some day re-assert her old supremacy in Italy, and give her former support to the occupant of St. Peter's Chair. The French Protectorate has, as the Cardinal says, been from the first a very doubtful advantage, and it is now almost certain to be withdrawn. There was at one time an idea that the Emperor Napoleon might insist on retaining his position in Rome as a sort of compensation for the annexation of Venetia. But his Majesty has taken a far sounder view of the situation. He sees that it is in vain trying to arrest the natural development of Italy. By remaining in Rome he may render himself detested, and reduce to zero the influence of France in the new kingdom; but he cannot permanently maintain his anomalous occupation of its ancient capital without seriously compromising his policy, or resorting to measures from which he wisely shrinks. He was willing to pay a certain price for the support of the Ultramontane party in France; but the price that they ask is far more than an equivalent for any service that they can render him. The September Convention will, therefore, be carried out. In December next the last Zouave will embark from Civita Vecchia, and the Pope will be left alone with his disaffected subjects and his little army of foreign mercenaries. No one can wonder that Pius IX. should shrink from the prospect that is thus before him. Even if the Italian Government should scrupulously respect the terms of their Convention with France, his position would be one of the most extreme and cruel embarrassment. His subjects must be kept down, if at all, by main force. The streets of Rome would be the scene of perpetual conflicts between the Papal troops and the inhabitants; nor can there be any doubt as to which side must ultimately prevail. From all parts of the peninsula volunteers would infallibly find their way across the frontier in spite of a far stricter guard than is likely to be kept up. The forces of his Holiness might be victorious in the first instance, but they would be overpowered in the end. And Italy would then, with the consent of France and the general approval of the world, step upon the scene as the only Power capable of restoring peace and terminating a state of things at which Christianity and civilization would alike revolt. But the day would have gone by for reconciliation and accommodation. His Holiness would then, indeed—to use the words of Cardinal Cullen,—“be reduced to such a condition that he might not know where to turn his steps.” It must, therefore, be evident to the most purblind of ecclesiastical politicians that the game

of *non possumus* is played out; that passive opposition to all change will only entail utter destruction; that some concession must be made to the spirit of the times and to the irresistible course of events.

It is said that in this emergency some of the cardinals have tried to persuade the Pope to appoint the Emperor Napoleon Vicar of the Church. But there is not the slightest reason to suppose that his Imperial Majesty is willing to accept an appointment which would entail in a new form all his old difficulties. Nor is there any more reason to believe that Pius has listened to a proposal which could lead to no permanent settlement, and which is, moreover, we thoroughly believe, quite adverse to his own patriotic feelings as an Italian. There remain, then, only two alternatives—exile, and an accommodation with Victor Emmanuel. To the first the Pope is known to be firmly opposed. He has already tasted its bitterness, and he doubtless feels that, if he is to be a subject anywhere, he had better be so in Rome, where the possession of St. Peter's and of the Vatican—the associations of a thousand years and the pious pilgrimages of many nations—will invest him with supreme dignity and confer upon him much real power. To the second alternative, the Pope's own inclinations unmistakably point. Circumstances—his sense of duty, as he conceived it—have forced the Pontiff into a position adverse to the unity, to the greatness, and the happiness of his native land. But everything we have heard of him leads us to think that the man is in his inmost heart an Italian, and that he has personally remained true to the sentiments which he expressed in 1848. It is well understood that the Vegezzi negotiations were entirely due to his direct initiative; and it is no secret that, within the last few weeks, he has been unable to conceal his sympathy with the Italian cause. If he has his own way, negotiations will probably be opened with the Court of Florence, as soon as those pending between Italy and Austria have resulted in a definite treaty of peace. Nor can we see any reason to doubt that they may be conducted to a successful termination. The Pope will, no doubt, have to make large concessions, but the events of the last few years must have prepared him for them. He will have to surrender to Victor Emmanuel the substance, if not the name, of rule in Rome; but, then, he must by this time be convinced that real independence is perfectly chimerical. For the last fifty years, the Papacy has been dependent upon some one. Why should it not depend for the future upon the King of Italy instead of a foreigner? The government of the Papal States must be secularized, but in the event of an accommodation with Italy, this will be done with a regard to ecclesiastical interests, which will certainly not be displayed if the measure be carried out in an adverse and hostile spirit. The Pope may lose subjects, but he will gain friends. The Italians will rally round the Holy See, to which they are at present antagonistic, only because it is in alliance with the foreigner and opposed to their national aspirations. On the other hand there is every reason why Victor Emmanuel should do everything in his power to soften the blow which he must inflict, and to make the position of the Pope not only endurable but acceptable. His subjects are devout Roman Catholics, and are likely to remain so despite the efforts of all the Protestant missionaries in the world. He has already felt the inconvenience of being at war with the head of his Church; he is certain to feel it more when peace

and tranquillity are at last established, and the unnatural excitement of a period of strife is over. The hearts of the faithful would not be long in turning towards an exiled Pope, and if the latter could do nothing for himself, he could do much against a Government which many would soon regard much as they regard Pontius Pilate or Judas Iscariot. On all questions relating to the ecclesiastical administration incessant difficulties would arise, and if the Church were persecuted, the State would be kept constantly in hot water.

When both sides have so strong an interest in discovering some middle term on which they may agree, their researches can hardly be fruitless. Nor is it difficult to sketch the outlines of an arrangement, which ought to be mutually satisfactory, and by which the main objects of both would be substantially obtained. As we have already intimated, the Romans must become, in the fullest sense, citizens of the kingdom of Italy—must live under its laws, share its national life, and be represented in its Parliament. But the title of sovereign of St. Peter's patrimony may well be spared to the Pope; justice may be administered in his name, and executive acts may be done by virtue of his delegation. So far as purely local affairs are concerned, these may be left to a quasi-municipal government with extensive powers, and over this body it is quite certain that the Pope would exercise considerable influence. On the other hand, not only should the most liberal terms be granted in relation to the ecclesiastical revenues, to the assumption of the Papal debt, and to everything which concerns the state and comfort of the Sovereign Pontiff, but it would be well to spare him the sort of humiliation involved in the constant presence of the King in Rome. Rome might be the capital of Italy just as Moscow is the capital of Russia, while Florence might remain the St. Petersburg, where the every-day business of government is carried on. These terms would not be unfair to either party, considering the position in which they now stand; and for our own part we shall be heartily glad to see them become the basis of a permanent reconciliation between Italy and the Holy See. We do not agree with Mr. Disraeli in thinking that the maintenance of the temporal power is a European necessity; while we are certain that its continuance would be an Italian misfortune. But, on the other hand, there are many and strong reasons why it is desirable that the Pope should be placed in a position of independence, and should be relieved from the pressure of any Government to whose hospitality he might be indebted. He would certainly be far less exposed to such pressure in Italy than elsewhere, for as we have always said, he would there be protected by the *genius loci*, and by the influence which he would exercise upon a nation, proud—as they soon would once more be—of his presence amongst them. On the other hand, every true friend to Italy would wish to see averted from her the dangers and the disquiet which must result from a chronic antagonism between the Government of the State and the Church of the people.

GERMANY.

COUNT BISMARCK has won another, and, perhaps, not the least of his many victories. After reducing Austria to submission, winning the reluctant, but, at last, hearty adhesion of the Prussian Liberals, and successfully repelling the inopportune claims of France, it might have been supposed that he had before him a clear and unobstructed course. He had, however, still one, and that a formidable barrier to break down, before he could realize the full fruits of the late campaign, and grasp its legitimate results. Although the German people may not lag behind the rest of the world, the old notion of the divine right of kings retains its hold upon the Royal families and the nobility. When the present King of Prussia was crowned at Königsburg, he solemnly declared that he held his crown directly from God; and, in so declaring, acted upon the honest but mischievous superstition which pervades the class to which he belongs. Such being the case, it is not surprising that members of the Royal family should have been inexpressibly shocked at the proposal to dethrone the sovereigns of Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and Nassau. A portion of their territory might have been annexed, or they might have been reduced to the level of Prussian prefects without any objection. Conquest and superior power have rights divine as well as kings, nor have the house of Hohenzollern ever been slow to acknowledge them. To rob or oppress a sovereign is consistent enough with ancient practice—violates no maxims of royal houses—and has nothing threatening to a monarch who feels himself strong enough to hold his own against all comers; but to extinguish a sovereignty, to reduce one of the sacred caste of kings to the rank of an ordinary mortal, strikes at the

root of the very principle on which German dynasties have hitherto chosen to rest. That this should be done for the sake of public convenience, and on grounds of public expediency, makes the matter worse rather than better, since such a justification plainly sanctions the idea that sovereigns are made for the people, and not the people for sovereigns. To those who sincerely hold the ancient faith on the subject, the striking down of one of God's vicegerents might well seem an act sinful in itself, and certain to be avenged upon its perpetrators by a retributive Providence; while those whose thoughts take a less fanciful turn might plausibly ask how a king who sets the example of dethroning others, can expect his own prerogatives to remain inviolate. If, however, the stand made by some of the Royal family against the Annexation Bill was natural, and from their point of view rather creditable than otherwise, it was doomed to defeat—and with its defeat there is practically an end of old feudal dynastic Germany. The kingdom of Hanover and the electorate of Hesse Cassel have lasted their full time. They have now passed away because they are no longer adapted to the world as it is. Owing their origin to the disintegrating influences at work in ages when a great noble was everything, and the mass nothing; they are out of harmony with a state of sovereignty in which the mass is becoming more and more, and is constantly tending towards consolidation and unity.

We have no hesitation in expressing our satisfaction that Count Bismarck's policy has triumphed over the resistance of the Court. The whole nation will in future take its tone from Prussia, and Prussia must, perforce, pursue a Liberal policy. The Hanoverians and the people of Hesse Cassel can have no personal loyalty towards their new sovereign: they have petitioned to pass under his sway, and they willingly accept his rule, because they believe it will be for their advantage; and if their allegiance is to be retained, their hopes must be realized. The only bond which can unite the different portions of the new kingdom is the common enjoyment of the same free institutions. That Von Bismarck perceives this very clearly is evident from the Bill which he has laid before the Prussian Chambers for the convocation of a North German Parliament. It closely follows the model afforded by the thoroughly Democratic Constitution of 1848. If it becomes law—of which there can be no doubt—every German who has completed his twenty-fifth year will be an elector, unless disqualified by pauperism or by a conviction for some crime. The country will be divided into electoral districts, with a member for each 100,000 persons. Elections will be direct, and will be determined by the absolute majority of votes in each district. Nothing less Democratic than this would have had the effect of completely fusing into one nationality all local attachments and prejudices—of obliterating all local divisions, and of completely subordinating the remaining sovereigns to the national will. But although Count Bismarck has, no doubt, thus flung himself upon the Democracy mainly with a view of promoting the unity, and of thus consolidating the power of the nation, it is clear that the result of his measures will not stop there. As soon as a Parliament elected on the basis we have described is once fairly at work, it will necessitate a reform in the local assemblies, which, as we understand the scheme, will still exist for purely local purposes in Prussia and in the non-annexed States. It will be impossible to maintain a restricted suffrage and cumbrous and circuitous modes of election for the less important legislatures, when the one to which the destinies of the Fatherland is intrusted represents in the broadest sense and in the most direct manner the mass of the people. For good or for evil, the future of Germany is now tolerably plain. She will not be a constitutional country on the English model. There will be no balance of power more or less real between the different classes of society. There will be no effectual, and probably, in a short time, no ostensible limitation of the powers of the central government. There will simply, as in France, be the throne and the people; but it does not follow that the division of power between them will be the same. The Germans are, in many respects, much better fitted for self-government than the French. They are not liable to those sudden gusts of passion, and those quick movements of caprice, which make a purely popular, necessarily a very uncertain basis of government amongst our neighbours across the Channel. They have no capital, which through many hundred years has given the law to the whole country; and it is utterly impossible that in these days any German town should obtain the position which Paris occupies relatively to France. They have no revolutionary history, stimulating some to fresh and violent movements, inspiring others with vain and timid alarms. So far as we can judge, they have not that reluctance to accept the decision of a majority—one of the worst and most

striking political faults of the French—which renders utterly insecure any Executive based on the will of the people. We are, therefore, not amongst those who believe that unchecked democracy in Germany will necessarily result in a Napoleonic empire. The experiment of uniting a monarchy with a freely-acting democracy—of exposing the Executive of an old European country to the direct action of the masses—has yet to be tried; and, until this has actually been done, the result must be, to a certain extent, a matter of speculation. We see, however, no ground for gloomy vaticinations. The German pattern of freedom will not, indeed, be that which has hitherto found favour in England. The power of the State will be far more centralized, and will be far more actively employed there than here. The nation will be far more, and the individual far less than with us. Instead of a *régime* of *laissez faire*, there will be—in our eyes—an excess of government. To Englishmen the encroachment upon individual liberty is almost equally intolerable, whether it proceed from the sovereign or from a popularly elected assembly. That, however, is not the Continental way of looking at the matter. Liberty, then, means the supremacy of the majority; and so far from seeking to restrain the operation of that supremacy, they are rather anxious that it should assert itself in every branch of political and social life.

This is not altogether our own political ideal, but we cannot help observing that there is even in England a considerable tendency to embrace it. The movement for the extension of the franchise is not the only one going on amongst us. There is a constantly increasing demand for Government interference in fresh quarters. There is a far greater impatience than there used to be at evils which are supposed to be removable by Government action. Our institutions have become more popular than they were formerly; there is now less jealousy of the interposition of the Executive; while the failure of many of our local bodies to discharge their functions with even tolerable efficiency is daily weakening our dislike to centralization. Socially speaking, we are undoubtedly becoming more democratic than we were. In spite of our insular position, we have not escaped the influence of the continental taste for equality as well as liberty. Whether we like it or not, we are changing from an aristocratic republic into a democratic monarchy; and that change will affect, if indeed it is not already affecting, every department of our natural and social life. The only point upon which those who hail it with satisfaction, and those who regard it with doubt, can possibly agree, is, that the transition should be as gradual as possible. In that point of view, the establishment of the German Parliament is fraught with lessons to ourselves which we shall overlook at our peril. It will not remain unknown to, or be without influence upon, the working classes of England. We cannot, so far as the suffrage goes, lag behind every European State which enjoys anything in the shape of free institutions. When a Prussian *Junker* is prepared to give his countrymen universal suffrage, it will be dangerous for our aristocracy to continue haggling over a £7 borough franchise. They may depend upon it that there is no time to be lost in welding together the old and the new by a prompt concession to those who are still without the pale of the Constitution. Political opinion and action amongst us will after all continue to run mainly in English channels, unless the great body of the nation, disgusted with our own institutions, and despairing of justice from our present governing classes, are driven to look to foreign models and to seek less cautious leaders. If an unwise and narrow-minded policy should entail upon us this great misfortune, the example which Germany is now setting may be found inconveniently capable of English imitation.

OUR MILITARY EXPENDITURE.

SHOULD the war in Germany have no other effect upon this country, it must surely induce us to reconsider the whole question of our army establishments. For many years past it has been fully established that in point of organization our land force is far behind every other in Europe, and that we can never take the field without proving by two or three grand break-downs how wofully defective our whole military machinery is. The commencement of the Crimean war was one proof of this; the beginning of the Indian mutiny another; and if we were called upon to-morrow to send an expedition of even ten thousand men out of England, it is more than probable that we should have to be taught once again the lessons which we have learnt so often, and at such a terrible cost of life and treasure. In the navy, as we have lately learnt to our dismay, the enormous expenditure of money, with hardly anything to

show for the outlay, is bad enough; but it is much more easy to apply a remedy to the shortcomings of the fleet than to that of the army. Any naval blunder is closely watched, quickly reported, and loudly commented upon. The rulers of the service form part of our constitutional Ministry, and are as amenable as any other officials to Parliamentary vote and censure. Not so the army. There has never been any reform or change proposed in our land forces that has not been met with the most determined opposition from military men both in and out of Parliament. Witness, for instance, the system of promotion by purchase—of making his banker's book, and not his own merits, the test of an officer's professional advancement. What should we say if such a system were not only tolerated in the Prussian, Austrian, or Italian armies, but fiercely defended as a most admirable institution by many of its officers? Then, again, unlike the navy, the general public in England know little and care less about army matters in general. Except amongst those who have relations holding commissions in the service, our military customs, regulations, resources, and expenditure, form a sealed book, which few, if any, care to open. People, in general, know that we have an army, that great interest is requisite to become an officer in that force, and that to those who can purchase their promotion and have money enough to exchange when ordered to the colonies, barrack-yard life forms a pleasant occupation for the sons of noblemen and landed gentry between the time of leaving college and that of settling down to some steady occupation. But how many men in everyday life are there who can tell what our army costs us, or what available forces we have to fall back upon? how many men we lose every year by death? by whom the force is really governed? where the authority of the Horse Guards ends and that of the War Office begins? or, lastly, what we pay for land forces as compared with the expenditure of other countries? In short, there is this difference between the two services, that, whereas in the navy, the officers themselves may in some degree be trusted to point out where reforms are wanted, and where expenditure is excessive; in the army we must look to the outside public to find out the faults, and to insist upon a remedy being applied to them. In private life, if an individual has rented an indifferent house, bought a bad horse, or been the purchaser of a second-rate carriage, he can generally congratulate himself that if what he has become possessed of is not as good as he could wish, his expenditure has been proportionately small. But it is not so with our military estimates. We have by far the least effective army of any great Power, and for it we pay infinitely more than any of our neighbours. Take, for instance, France. All must allow that nothing can exceed the efficiency of her army, which is ready at all times to take the field at the shortest notice, and could in a week have three hundred thousand men ready to go anywhere out of the country. The hospitals, the commissariat, the clothing, the armoury, and all that tends to make a soldier efficient, is in that army always kept in a state of readiness for service. She has, in round numbers, about 400,000 men under arms, with a reserve of 150,000 strong, and no less than 105,000 horses. On the other hand, our English army may be put down at 145,000 men, with 14,000 horses, and no reserve. And yet it will hardly be believed that, for this very much smaller force, we pay over half a million per annum more than the French do for their army. The medium strength of land forces in the two countries, for the last four years, gives the number mentioned above; whilst the medium French Military Budget, for the same time, is in English money, £14,599,000, and the mean of our own military estimates, £15,130,379, for the same period. Thus, although we pay upwards of half a million more money than our neighbours every year, we have only a third of their number of men, no reserve army at all, and a seventh of their number of horses. Surely if ever there was a case which called for inquiry into the expenditure of public money here is one. In all matters which form the total of a nation's military expenditure, France is not a cheaper country than England, the rate of soldiers' pay alone excepted. That there should be some relative difference between the army budgets of the two countries would not be deemed extraordinary, and that ours should be somewhat the larger of the two might be fully accounted for by the difference of pay and allowances to both officers and men in the two armies. But such an enormous disparity as we have pointed out must be accounted for in some other way, and can only be incurred by extraordinary mismanagement or systematic needless extravagance. In any case it fully justifies the assertion that our whole military organization is one which requires an entire revision, if we wish to get in public matters what we all desire in our private affairs, the worth of money in exchange for the money we expend.

If from France we turn to Prussia, this terrible waste of money in our military establishments becomes still more apparent. The army budget of Prussia may be stated in round numbers at £7,000,000 sterling, and with these resources she called into the field the other day no less than 500,000 men, and marched through Germany, overcame the splendid army of her enemy, and was only stopped by diplomacy from dictating the terms of peace at Vienna. *How* she did it is foreign to the present question—that she *did* so we all know; and it is equally certain from the results of her battles and the fame of the troops she fought, that her army must have been in first-rate order. So that it is not to Germany we must look for any consolation in the matter of army expenditure, if indeed there could be any pleasure in knowing that another nation besides ourselves was paying as extravagantly as we do for its military whistle.

But there is a waste of life as well as of money—or rather there is an excess in expenditure of the former which causes yet greater waste of the latter—of which we have been greatly guilty. The English army may be reckoned, as we said before, in round numbers, at 145,000 men of all ranks, not including the Eastern and other natives in our pay. Of these 145,000 rather more than 80,000—83,521 is the exact figure—are serving, and dying of the climate, in India. According to the returns of the Sanitary Commission, published in 1863, the proportion of deaths amongst English soldiers serving in our Eastern Empire is no less than 67·9 per thousand every year. If this be correct—and the statement has never been contradicted—the number of deaths brought about by unhealthy climate, bad barracks, and other causes except wounds, must amount to nearly 6,000, so that it will take this number to feed the drain which India causes in times of peace upon our soldiers, and this exclusive of the time-expired men, and those whose health suffers from campaigning. As a contrast to this we have the returns of deaths in the French army in Algeria, and find that during the first thirty years the country was occupied by them—from June 1830 to 1860—they amounted to 29·7, or considerably less than half the present average of our own troops in India. So that, in spite of all the inconveniences incidental upon taking possession of what is in many parts an exceedingly unhealthy country, the French expenditure of life in their African colony amounts to less than half of ours in India, where we have been so many years.

The enormous outlay of money in our military expenditure can be explained in some measure by a glance at a number of the monthly *Army List*. In other countries there are but two divisions of officers belonging to the land forces, namely, those who are serving, and those who, having served, are in the receipt of pensions. It was thus in the old East India Company's service, and it is so to this day in our own artillery, engineers, marines, and navy—in all non-purchasing services. But another rule holds good in the cavalry and infantry of the line, and in the household troops. In these forces, as deserving officers cannot be rewarded by regimental promotion on account of its being a purchasable commodity, they are given what is called unattached rank, in which they draw their half-pay under a pleasant fiction of being ready to serve again when called upon, and do not for years—perhaps never again—do duty with any corps. Of these unattached gentlemen the service has almost enough to officer a second army. Many of these—nearly all holding the rank of regimental lieutenant-colonel—are in a measure forced into going upon this list, for, if they waited on full pay for their major-general's step, they would lose every penny they had paid for their promotion. But by going on half-pay four or five years before their turn of promotion comes, they recover a very large portion of what they have expended on their commissions, and, as a preparatory step for a major-general's command, spend half a dozen or more years in doing no military duty. The practice may be a pleasant and convenient one for the officers concerned, but, like many other customs in the army, whether it is advantageous for the country is more than doubtful. And it is the same with every rank down to major inclusive. Of these unattached officers drawing half-pay for doing nothing, we have more than enough to swell the estimates, to say nothing of the principle the existence of men receiving salaries from the State for doing nothing involves. For every general and every field officer employed there are at least two—nearly all hale, hearty men—who never put on uniform from one end of the year to the other, and many of them never intend doing so. Another, and a very large—perhaps the largest—source of our extravagant military expenditure is the fact of the army being so distasteful to the men that the great majority of those whose time of service has expired demand their dis-

charge as soon as ever their ten years are over. We are thus obliged to be at the expense of enlisting new men to replace those who go away, as well as to bring back from our colonies those who will serve no longer, and take out recruits to supply the vacancies. To and from India alone—what between time-expired men coming home, and young soldiers going out to take their places, and those of the 6,000 men that die there every year, and occasional regiments going and coming to and from the country in the ordinary course of relief—there is a small army of not less than ten or twelve thousand men has to cross the seas every year for duty in that country. With these and a few similar items, is it wonderful that our military estimates for 145,000 men and 14,000 horses; we pay half a million more money than the French do for 400,000 men and 105,000 horses, with a reserve of 150,000 behind the 400,000.

All hasty and not properly matured reforms are greatly to be deprecated; but the time has certainly come when our whole military system must be completely recast and entirely changed. In the army, as is the case in the navy, there ought to be but one head, and that an authority responsible to Parliament, as is the First Lord of the Admiralty. Above all, and first of all, the system of promotion by purchase ought to be at once and for ever abolished. This is the great army evil, round which all minor abuses flourish. It does not exist in our artillery, our engineers, our marines, our Indian army, or our navy; nor is it known in any other service than the English cavalry and infantry of the line, and English guards. To us as a nation it is a deep disgrace that such a remnant of the bad old days should be allowed to remain on our military code, and its very existence makes our army a bye-word to the armies of other nations. Without its abolition no military reform will ever be of any avail whatever; but once it is done away with the great obstacle to our having an effectual army will exist no longer. When it is done away with we may expect not to pay much more than our neighbours for our military expenses; but if that system is allowed to disgrace our army for the future, other reforms had better be left alone, for they will be of no avail whatever.

If we must keep up a standing army, it is surely worth while to have that force as effective as possible; and that we are obliged to remain armed will hardly be contradicted. To quote the words of a contemporary, "We must not rely upon our own pacific intentions, on our policy of non-intervention, or on the immunity from the evils of war which we have for so many years enjoyed. We shall not take the initiative, but others may not be equally scrupulous." The force of these last words come home to us more particularly after what has been witnessed on the Continent during the last three months, and bids us not depend on other than our own strength and foresight. But it is one thing to be prepared and ready for whatever may happen, and another to maintain the enormous expenditure now wasted in our army estimates. It is very certain that our military expenditure might be lessened to £7,000,000, or else for the £14,000,000 we pay we should maintain an army of 300,000 men. However, before we can hope for military economy or good management, we must insist upon a reorganization of our whole military system.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

TAKEN *per se*, your local tradesman is not perhaps the worst specimen of humanity which the parish could produce. Like the rest of the world, he is inclined to cringe when he expects to gain something, and to be self-sufficient and dictatorial when he has the power. That is the general tendency of human nature, and it would be unjust to point it out as the special liability of the local corn-chandler, or publican, or greengrocer. But, miserable sinners as we all are, there is something in education which lifts those who have enjoyed its advantages above many of the more common weaknesses of humanity; enables them to stem the current of a mean desire, and to feel that what we call "position" has duties as well as rights. Unfortunately that is an idea which has not penetrated the minds of our local tradesman. Education could hardly give it him, because his training stopped short at the bare utilities, and never entered the humanities and the refinements. He was raised in the national school, or in some local seminary where a commercial education might be had as far as the three R's went, and a classical one for those who had faith enough to give that department a trial; and when he had reached the acme of clear, bold penmanship and sound arithmetic, his parents put him into the grocery line, or apprenticed him to a saddler or a corn-chandler, or to whatever mystery family antecedents or original genius pointed out as most likely to be advantageous. But the ruling principle—at all hazards, and

per fas et nefas—was this, that the youth was to get on; was to make money; was, in a pecuniary sense, to increase and multiply; was, indeed, to live and breathe and shape his moral being according to the principle which our Transatlantic cousins have typified in the "almighty dollar." Every occupation, except those which a gentleman can fill, has contributed its quota to the local board. Sometimes, though very rarely, a member of the College of Surgeons has found a seat in its councils; and the parish rector has, *ex officio*, been entitled to take the chair. But, bating these and a few other exceptions, our local parliaments have been composed for the most part of the intellectual scum of their neighbourhoods.

However good the principle of local self-government might be, there was but one fate in store for it when thus systematized—failure. And in London it has failed in every department it has undertaken. It has covered us with shame by its administration of the Poor-laws. It would take many bulky volumes to relate the special miseries it has inflicted on the poor, to say nothing of their daily sufferings in the London workhouse, and, above all, in the workhouse infirmary. It has been so remiss in its attention to all sanitary matters that in the few instances in which it has done its duty it has done it because it has been compelled to do so; and, under its neglect, sanitary conditions favourable to epidemics have been perpetuated, and are made as rank and gross as they were before such a thing as sanitary science came into vogue. Take, as a single specimen of the efficiency of our local bodies, the fall the other day of the house in Holborn. It came down one morning last week at about seven o'clock, while the people lodging in it, nineteen in all, were in bed. On the inquest, on Monday last, it was shown that its condition had for a long time been so unsafe that Giuseppe Guanziroli, a looking-glass manufacturer in Hatton-garden, whose house was only too near it, lived in a state of constant apprehension that it would one day fall over his premises, and that somebody would be killed. His fear was prophetic: it fell over them on the morning of Thursday se'nnight, and killed Carlo Casartelli, a man who worked for him. He complained to the landlords, but they walked away and said nothing. On two occasions—three years, and sixteen months, ago—he complained to the district surveyor's clerk, and told him he was always of opinion that the house would come down. But though the surveyor's clerk saw the house three or four times within the last sixteen months, nothing was done. But, no doubt, M. Guanziroli's complaint was specific enough. He told the coroner that he had been several times in the house; that he had prophesied its fate; that a beam which helped to support it had some time ago been taken away; that the wall was rotten and cracked in several places; that the gutters were bad (though this was subsequently put to rights); that there was an overflow of water down the walls; and that the neighbours complained of the unsafe state of the house. The poor woman who last week perished amongst its ruins was quite of M. Guanziroli's opinion as to the peril of those who lived in it, and had been heard to say that if they did not all get out of the house they would be buried in its ruins. But all this while the district surveyor seems to have evolved from his inner consciousness that the matter very slightly concerned him, and that if he sent his clerk to report upon it, his official conscience would be discharged from all further obligation. So the clerk went, and could see no cracks in the walls, at least, "he had no recollection of seeing any cracks." "What do you think of the premises?" asked M. Guanziroli. The clerk gave them an official glance, and replied that he did not think it was a case to report to the Commissioners of the Police. This was three years ago, on the 5th of May last. Others could see that the parapet was leaning over the wall, but the clerk could not see it. Even now, he finds it difficult to say how the building fell; but he offers to sleep in any one of the five other houses in Ely-court which have not fallen, but which the police, since the accident, have shored up. This is from bravado—a sort of official swagger to which men only resort when they are palpably and grossly in the wrong. Whether the local board was represented on the jury or not, we cannot say. But the intellectual and moral stuff out of which coroners' juries are made is precisely the same out of which local boards are made; so we cannot wonder that while in their verdict they blame the landlords of the house, they have made no mention whatever of either the district surveyor or his clerk. They find that a beam which fell down sixteen months ago, and which supported the walls of the ruined house, had not been replaced. For that default they blame the landlords—most properly; but, most improperly, they say not a word against the surveyor. Yet to that officer, appointed by the local board, is intrusted, amongst other

things, the safety of the inhabitants. In Ely-court alone there are five houses which have been shored up since the late accident, but which, for all the surveyor and his clerk appear likely to have done, would have come down with a crash, as did No. 6.

We have in this case a specimen of local self-government, as it is now administered in London, to which the worst vices of centralization are as nothing. We do not ask for centralization. We ask only that a principle which is good in itself, and has to a great extent fostered, or rather exercised, the independence of the English character, should not be any longer desecrated by such administrators as those who, whenever they have touched it, have soiled it—have brought it into disgrace and contempt. Had there been men engaged in the working of that principle, capable, through a liberal education and the enlarged sympathies which a conspicuous social position helps to confer, of understanding what were their obligations and what their opportunities, we should not now have had in a main point to deplore the operation of one of the wisest enactments which the English Parliament ever made. The frequent evil of overcrowding could never have attained the dimensions it has, nor should we have had to dread lest in abating this evil in one quarter we should be increasing it in another, or driving away hundreds of families to seek shelter in out-houses, or under railway arches, or on door-steps, or wherever homeless humanity can find rest. It may not be necessary to fly from one extreme to another, from highly local self-government—which is very "low" self-government—to complete centralization. By some widening of the area of districts, and raising the social status of the members of local boards, and by everything which can add dignity to it, and make it a status to be desired, it may be possible to purge our local bodies of ambitious haircutters, and eloquent chandlers, grocers, publicans, and sinners against common sense and humanity, and to put in their place men whose education has not stopped at the three R's, and who can admit into their breasts a higher sense of duty than bullying the poor and perpetuating the reign of filth. If this can be done, let it be done: it is worth an effort. But to go on in the old way is simply madness.

THE GREAT YARMOUTH ELECTION.

If Yarmouth was not already distinguished by the epithet "great," it could now lay claim to it. The disclosures concerning that ancient borough, and the manner in which its representatives are sent to Parliament, are sufficient to make it famous in election annals. Bribery, according to the plain speaking of one of the witnesses whose evidence was taken before the Commission, was introduced there in 1806, and it would appear to have flourished as a system in a way that indicated a kind soil for such a growth. Even municipal honours were purchasable, and for half-a-crown and a breakfast any honest burgher was open to whatever conviction you pleased to make a condition of the dole. So regular a business did bribery become, that illegal agents were established, and surrounded by as many fences as were supposed would save them from a categorical charge of corrupt practices. Mr. Nightingale was an intimate friend of Sir E. Lacon's. He was in partnership with him for fifteen or twenty years. At the Yarmouth election he advanced £4,000 for the honourable baronet, who knew nothing, absolutely nothing whatever, of this generous and disinterested act. Mr. Nightingale then employs Mr. Cooper. Mr. Cooper knows the price of voters in Yarmouth. He felt the pulse of the franchise market, and he is skilful in administering the necessary doses. Yet Mr. Cooper must also have as much mystery concerning his occupation as will render it as little scandalous as possible to his employers. His proper calling is that of a printer and stationer. He was brought £3,000 or £4,000 by a stranger, whose name even he could not tell. He kept away from the Conservative gentlemen, who were otherwise engaged in the election. His reminiscences of '49 were of a similar colour, only that the money was supplied him by a Mr. Green. In 1857 he remembers three Manchester men coming down with oyster barrels full of sovereigns, designed for the natives of Yarmouth. He succeeded Green as illegal agent, and takes the post by seniority. Gorleston, an expensive quarter, cost £1,500. Mr. Cooper had numerous assistants who, doubtless, in the proper order, will be promoted to his situation. If the voters of Gorleston were to run to the poll before the Radicals, Mr. C. V. Bunn, a farmer and corn-dealer, was to give them a *douceur* of 2s. 6d. each. Mr. Bunn was a pupil of Mr. Rivett, "a close old chap who could disperse £400 quietly in a couple of hours."

The Mayor of Yarmouth threw some light on the "stranger"

who brought the money to Mr. Cooper. His worship had a "near guess" that Edward Cooper Aldred, a relative of his own, was the person; and, in fact, Edward Cooper Aldred was introduced to Mr. Nightingale at the Mayor's house. He was also aware that Mr. Nightingale advanced funds in 1859. "It was one of those things that we avoid talking about." This wise reticence extended over the whole plan of campaign. Nobody inquired, or asked questions, and each individual worked in his own groove. For instance, Mr. Cooper did the illegal jobs, and Sir E. Lacon was throughout the immaculate candidate who was entirely unaware that undue influences were brought to bear in his behalf. Mr. Nightingale did not preserve altogether so clean a conscience. He seems at least to have soiled it in contact with a cowkeeper. The cowkeeper received eleemosynary grains from the brewery, and the supplies were to be cut off in the event of his not voting for Sir E. Lacon. The Germans have a proverb that he "who drinks, thinks beer," and as Sir Edmund has forty public houses in Yarmouth, under special covenants, to vend his liquor, we may surmise that the customers who consume his ale entertain his opinions, and any who are ill regulated enough not to do so have only to go to Cooper, who will soon set them right with arguments as potent as ever came out of cheque-book. There was, however, an unmanly lot in Yarmouth, who after getting reasons from Mr. Cooper or his subordinates, subsequently voted with the opposite party. Henry Crucknell having demanded £15 as the lowest terms on which he could agree with Conservative politics, and having had his demand satisfied, became a "lame duck," and gave his support to the Liberals. On being expostulated with on this slight deviation from that code of honour which is said to subsist even among thieves, Mr. Crucknell half confessed his apostasy, but mentioned as a mitigating circumstance, that his rest was disturbed by qualms of conscience the night after the election. The witness who deposed to this curious physiological fact added, that, in his private opinion, Mr. Crucknell "got more from the other side." A Mr. Jones, dentist, received £15 for putting in a tooth, and doubtless he felt on retiring to bed as virtuous as Longfellow's blacksmith, who earned his repose by hard work. But Sir E. Lacon bears off the palm for impeccability. He is without reproach. His ignorance of Mr. Nightingale's and Mr. Cooper's offices continued down to last week, when he read to his "surprise" the evidence of the latter. He had not even the "slightest idea" where the money came from. The affection of the inhabitants of Yarmouth, and £70 a year spent on regattas, together with his local territorial connection, would be sufficient to send him to Parliament against any opposition. On the evening of the election his belief was that nothing had been spent—"he had heard of nothing." Not having heard of it, Sir E. Lacon could, of course, form only one opinion, and that opinion was favourable to the electors whom he had known from his childhood as a pure and unsophisticated constituency. On his canvass he was enthusiastically received. The legal expenses of an election at Yarmouth might be about £800, and "a gentleman ought to be returned for that amount, provided he resides at Yarmouth." There was a bill sent in to Sir Edmund in 1860, but he destroyed it, and Mr. Cory tore up the draft. The disappearance of documents, the partial knowledge of responsible parties, the quibbling and the shirking of awkward points, appears to us to have been, to all intents and purposes, superfluous. Bribery there was without question—flagrant and palpable bribery, for this veneer of concealment does not hide anything. There should be a punishment adequate to the scandal. The Legislature is concerned for its own purity; and if the enactments passed with the intention of providing for the decent conduct of elections can be defied by the Cooper and Nightingale stratagems, they should be amended at once. Supposing that honourable members, baronets and gentlemen, were made as responsible for bribery as a gaoler is for his prisoner, and that, whenever it crept out, they were to lose their seats without further inquiry, we suspect in that case that the superfine M.P.'s who are blind to the transactions of their intimate friends would insist on a knowledge of them, and with the knowledge would come caution, and with caution at least as much honesty as there is in pretending an incredible innocence. Sir E. Lacon may permit Mr. Nightingale to sacrifice £4,000 for him in this Yarmouth election; he may do so, but he certainly will not prevent ninety people out of a hundred from suspecting that he will do nothing of the sort. The patent humbug of those evasions will be recognised everywhere, and if there is a use to be made out of them, that is, a use by which the country might benefit, it would take the shape of a complete and effectual reform as to the penalties for corruption, and as to the mode of visiting them on the right parties

in such a way as they would be sure to be felt. For Yarmouth itself some stringent and special measure will be necessary. It would be no harm to show the electors there that the nation has a feeling of contempt as well as of ridicule for a community that cannot even select an alderman without putting a tariff on its votes of half-a-crown and a breakfast.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN NOTTINGHAM.

Not the least happy of the thoughts on which the British Association was started by its founders was its peripatetic character, and the delivery of a series of annual addresses by a succession of distinguished presidents. By the latter a pleasing picture of the progress and prospects of science is drawn each year by one of her most devoted and successful admirers; and to this, additional variety is given by the ever-changing circumstances, historic, scenic, and geological, of the locality in which its session is held. The amateur *savant* picks up from the President's popular summary of scientific progress, from the evening meetings and agreeable conversaziones, all wound up by geologic or antiquarian pic-nics, the shreds and patches of science, by which he can put on the show of philosophy for the year; while to the true votary the sections alone are an elysium of delight. To complete the success, the weaker sex assembles in all the charms of personal attraction, no longer dreading the "blue stocking" which the "tyrant man," in times past, so pertinaciously held up as a bugbear to scare them from learned pursuits. In no one of these advantages, it seems, is the Nottingham meeting wanting. The whole neighbourhood abounds in historic associations. Sherwood Forest is at hand, recalling memories of Robin Hood and his lawless band. Here it was that Charles I. unfurled his standard in the hope of stemming the torrent of revolution; and over the old castle, that once stood on the rock that overhangs the town, many a time had the storm of battle blown. Geologically, the neighbourhood is of great interest, abounding in caverns, which are found even under the town, and which gave to it the name of Nottingham—"the home of caverns." It is also the centre of some of the most important of England's manufactures. But if the British Association has found a congenial resting-place in Nottingham, no less fortunate is it in the selection of a President for the ensuing year. The reputation of Mr. William Robert Grove is as wide-spread as are the sciences, electricity and chemistry, to the progress of which he has so largely contributed. Though a distinguished member of the Bar, and a Queen's Counsel, he has found time to devote himself arduously to the pursuit of science, and with uniform success. He is chiefly known for his labours in connection with perhaps the most interesting scientific question of the day—that of the "Correlation of Physical Forces," or the probable identity of the agencies to which we give the names of heat, light, magnetism, electricity, chemical affinity, and motion. There are obvious reasons why a *résumé* of science from the pen of a distinguished investigator of the chemical and electric secrets of nature should possess great advantages in clearness of exposition and accuracy of statement. The chemist is everywhere: no science can exclude him. The geologist may stick to his strata, the astronomer to his stars, and the physiologist to his organisms; but wherever atoms are to be found, whose compositions, modes of action, and laws are to be discovered, there the chemist must be. Ever hunting for atoms, he penetrates into the most secret chambers of Nature, while other scientific inquirers look at her on the outside, *en masse*, as it were. His science is one of precise measurement, and of fact; and the habit of accuracy he acquires from the pursuit of it, follows him into other sciences when he has to speak of them.

Those who have read Mr. Grove's address of last Wednesday will, we think, acknowledge that it possesses all the qualities of clear exposition and scientific method which might be expected from the habit to which we allude. One of the first matters to which he referred was the neglect of scientific education in our public schools. It is impossible, on this question, not to agree with him that it is really ridiculous that a boy at school, in this second half of the nineteenth century, should "be able learnedly to discourse on the digamma," and yet not be "ashamed of not knowing the principle of an air-pump or a telescope." The introduction of the sciences into school work need not exclude the classics. Room should be found for both; else the educators of the day will subject themselves to the sarcasm of Bacon on his age, that scientific studies were neglected, because they were considered "mean and mechanical." But passing over his remarks on this question, matter of much deeper interest is found in his *résumé* of scientific progress. "One word," he said, "would give the key to

his discourse; that word was continuity." The word contains the whole of Mr. Grove's philosophy; it embraces the whole universe from the minutest atom to the remotest celestial object that can be seen or imagined. They are all one, and continuous, both in time and space—a true universe. In the first place, all progress is continuous; there are no sudden changes in Nature; atom by atom everything grows, whether crystals, or geological formations, or plants, or organisms. And, as the sequence of causes in time are continuous, requiring no *Deus ex machinâ* to bridge imaginary chasms, so there is a continuity in space. This is evident in the microscopic world, and in the larger world that comes under our unaided senses; but there is also a continuity from planet to planet, from sun to sun, and from nebula to nebula. Aërolites, to which great attention has been paid latterly, connect the planets with each other. It has been proved that aërolites contain no material foreign to this earth, and compounds have been artificially produced which closely resemble the natural stone that has fallen from the sky. When we connect these facts with that of the existence of no less than eighty-eight asteroids discovered between Mars and Jupiter, it is no far-fetched speculation to suppose that the spaces between the other planets are similarly filled with aërolites and asteroids, and that the solar system consists of bodies of all sizes, varying from the Sun and Jupiter to a cannon ball or pistol bullet. We know how this conclusion as to the identity of the matter of the universe has been confirmed by "spectral analysis." Through the marvellous results of that great discovery of Kirchhoff, it has been shown that the atmosphere of Jupiter is, in composition, not unlike our own; and that, even in the nebulae, hydrogen and nitrogen may be detected. But the most remarkable proof of continuity is the "correlation of forces." What is heat? What is light? What attraction? No one can tell. But, whatever they be, it is probable they are so many forms of a single invisible agent. This agent may be turned to several uses; one portion may produce light, another heat, another motion, and so on; but if you expend it all on one of these, there will be none of the others. If it is engaged in producing motion freely, there will be less power to produce light; if the light be freely given out, the motion will be so much the weaker; and so likewise with its other forms of manifestation. By reference to several experiments, Mr. Groves showed how this identity had been established. And the conclusion as to continuity to which it leads is this—that, since the motions of the planets are caused by an attractive force which is universal, as Newton has shown, so must light, heat, electricity, &c., which are only so many forms of motion, be also universal. It is the one agent that pervades all space, and is found in every celestial body. The subject is deeply interesting, opening up, as it does, one of the grandest views of that unity of Nature which is the great proof of the unity of Nature's God. Nor is it without practical interest; for, if England be in danger of suffering seriously some day from the exhaustion of her coal-fields, it may be that a new motive power to compensate the loss may be discovered through this correlation of forces. Another subject on which Mr. Grove, with great candour, stated his views, was, Mr. Darwin's theory of the variation of species. In the truth of that theory he is clearly a believer. The same continuous progress, which he finds everywhere else to be a law of creation, he cannot deny to the organized world. The creation of a new species by a special act of divine interposition he rejects as contrary to that law—it would be a "*per saltum*" act of Nature. We have heard of a whole country town being thrown into a state of religious consternation by being told by a lecturer that "Adam was once a boy." Mr. Grove would say he was once a babe, and had been born, and that he had within him the one hundred-millionth part of the blood of some ugly ape or gorilla. The idea is repulsive, but he still works it out by a very home argument. He tells us that each Englishman now living, if he traces his descent to the time of the Norman Conquest, will find that he has a hundred million ancestors of that generation. He then adds—"Let any one assume that one of his ancestors at the time of the Conquest was a Moor, another a Celt, and a third a Laplander, and that those three species were preserved, while the others were lost, he would never recognise either of them as his ancestor. He would only have the one hundred-millionth of the blood of each of them, and, as far as they were concerned, there would be no perceptible sign of identity of race." This, then, is the reason why we may be descended from a very remote mollusc, later from an ichthyosaurus, next from a tertiary mammal for an ancestor, and lastly an ape, and yet not perceive "the identity of race." It is a very humiliating picture of humanity; but assuredly the theory supposes, at

each stage of the progressive improvement, the contemporaneous existence of some better species that improves on the worse one. The answer which Mr. Groves would give to this suggestion is that the enormous duration of the geological ages makes all the difference, removing the several types further from each other; but it is clear that the fact of progress itself of a lower species, by its own innate powers, cannot be so accounted for. Mr. Croll has computed, from certain astronomical considerations, as to the effect of the varying form of the earth's orbit on the temperature of the frigid and temperate zones, that a hundred thousand years have passed since the last glacial period; but, if in that time man descended from an ape, is it not incredible that not a single species of his other ancestors should remain, or a fossil remain of one of them be discovered. The subject, no doubt, is deeply interesting, and must some day find a solution; but the speculations of the wisest among us have hardly yet emerged from the realms of imagination.

CRIMINAL FATALITIES.

A PERUSAL of criminal statistics can hardly fail to suggest uneasy thoughts to every one but a strong-minded philosopher. A disciple of Mr. Buckle, who only believes in averages, can, without doubt, contemplate the tables of crime with the sublimest tranquillity. He accepts facts in this, as in any other department of human action, with a serenity bordering upon self-satisfaction; we can conceive him even disappointed should the number of murders, or the proportion of burglaries appear in the annual returns so small as to imperil the power of vaccination which he conceives he has derived from former statistics. Of course, he avows his regrets that the comfort of civilized society should be ruffled by the uniform intervention of assassins and garotters, burglars and tramps; but to your thorough-going philosopher these Ishmaelites are, on the whole, not unentertaining subjects of inquiry. We can imagine Mr. Frank Buckland more interested in the wasps that are devouring his greengages than in the fruits on which the destructive powers of these autumn nuisances are exerted; and similarly we can conceive an ardent votary of the law of averages welcoming with a grotesque satisfaction the uniform records of crime. He assures us that such things *must* be; that it is absolutely necessary, by the law of averages, for a certain number of persons to put an end to themselves every year; that the same, or nearly the same, number of people should knock their neighbours on the head, rob houses and shops, and send misdirected letters to the post-office. He does not know what would become of the moral world if it were to be otherwise; one of the great laws of human nature would be broken, and the undeviating order and regularity of one main portion of the universe would be as much disturbed by any sudden diminution of crime, as if an eclipse were not to happen in accordance with the predictions of astronomical science. In fact, as a great statistician puts it, society is employed in preparing crime; individual felons are simply the instruments, according to a fixed scheme, executing the unamiable behest. From this point of view, until perchance their own cellars or larders be assaulted, the philosophers can afford to contemplate criminals as valuable witnesses to the moral order of the universe. But we suspect that there will be always a large body of equally sound thinkers, who will not be quite content with this mode of looking at criminal statistics. Such objectors will not be found only in the ranks of the metaphysician, so much despised by men of the positive school, as upholding the independent agency of the human will. There are many who are equally convinced with the followers of Mr. Mill and Mr. Buckle of the dependence of the will on internal motives and external circumstances, yet who are not prepared to concede that "crime is committed with as much regularity, and bears as uniform a relation to certain known circumstances as the movements of the tide and the rotations of the seasons." They will continue to ask, until they have received a better answer than they have hitherto got, what the philosopher means by his statement, that a certain number of men *must* kill themselves every year. What is the ground of the necessity? That a fixed number *do* so is surely all that statistics can prove, even if they establish this; while of everything like intentions, inclinations, and plans unrealized they can give us simply no information at all. We are told that a certain physical law invariably compels such results; but we ask, what is this law but the scientific expression of uniform facts and relations, and how can "law" in this sense compel any one to anything? And after all, can it be said that the data on which these laws of human society depend,

are quite satisfactory? We are not disposed for a moment to underrate the truth or value of statistics; we believe that a careful collection and verification of them is absolutely indispensable for science, legislation, and many excellent purposes. But before we accept any proposition based on statistics, we prefer to ask, over how long a period do such returns extend, and whether the said period be not only of adequate length, but also marked by a sufficient variety of social circumstances to display all, or most of the manifold workings of human character. Now, we strongly suspect that on this subject of criminal returns we do not possess, as regards our own country, really full, accurate, and trustworthy statistics extending over more than one, or, at the outside, two generations, and those not particularly favourable to manifesting the latent varieties of human action and passion, as times of more violent excitement, embracing a reformation, a civil war, or a revolution like 1789, might have done. Yet, simply on the strength of these statistics, we are invited to regard man no more as a moral agent, swayed hither and thither by conflicting motives, but as a machine, whose movements are regulated by the external circumstances into which he is thrown. Now, this may or may not turn out to be the case; all that we are disposed to maintain at present is, that it is not sufficiently proved to be so yet; the premises do not appear to us strong enough to bear the conclusion; the data may be good as far as they go; but more are required to establish the laws too readily assumed by the statisticians. We may add one thing, that the doctrine of the necessary reproduction of crime, propagated before it be proved, is apt to exercise a somewhat depressing influence on the exertions of society and individuals towards ameliorating the condition of their fellow-creatures. If it be absolutely necessary that between two and three hundred persons should kill themselves every year in London, and that for the accommodation of human sensuality a certain amount of prostitution must exist regularly in our towns, it is expecting more than we are likely to find, if we look for the same benevolence and zeal in the mitigation of these evils that would be naturally elicited by the conviction that crime was a thing to be hopefully combated and restricted, not a necessity to be calculated on, ticketed, and despaired of. This is no imaginary tendency of the "averagearian" theory of crime; Mr. Buckle, its powerful champion, is never tired of deriding the feeble and intermittent results of private philanthropy and of moral legislation as contrasted with the effects produced by physical discoveries. "Offences must come;" churches, schools, reformatories are powerless to diminish them. Nothing is left but to study chemistry and invent steam-engines.

However it is time to turn from these speculations to the Judicial Returns concerning the criminal classes which gave rise to them. These statistics contain a variety of interesting facts, which, if they fail to establish any incontrovertible law, may yet prove very serviceable in directing the efforts of statesmen and philanthropists toward the weak points in our social condition. One point on which they throw considerable light is the old and vexed question as to the relation of crime to ignorance. We have seen, and heard, and read it stoutly maintained of late that education alters the character, but does not diminish the amount of crime, even if it does not, as in the case of forgery, increase that class of offences the commission of which involves a perverted ingenuity of intellect. On this head we are informed by the returns of 1865 that, "out of the total number of those who were committed for trial, the proportion who could neither read nor write was 35 per cent.; those who could only read, or who could read and write imperfectly, furnished another 60 per cent. Those, on the other hand, who could read and write well, were only 3 per cent. of the whole, and those of superior instruction were less than a fifth per cent. We can hardly conceive more decisive proof than is afforded by these figures that the "fixed and uniform scheme" of evil-doing, which the statisticians attribute to the nature of things, is simply the combined result of the "fixed and uniform" neglect of education by the lower classes, and of the inadequate machinery for supplying the masses with even the rudiments of knowledge and self-respect. Let the general plan of society remain as it is, but let there be a considerable increase in wages, especially through the agricultural districts; let there at the same time be established a national and (we could desire for a time) a compulsory system of education throughout the country, together with an amelioration of our Poor-law system, and improved regulations respecting vagrants, and we should be surprised if within ten years great "disturbances" (as the statisticians call them) did not take place in

the records of crime in Great Britain. It would be found that there were not exactly so many "fated suicides" or "predestined burglars," but that according as moral and intellectual influences were exerted or neglected, our gaols and reformatories would be occupied or vacant.

Another curious point brought out by these returns, which we do not recollect to have seen placed in such clear light before, is the demoralizing influences at work in what are called the "pleasure-towns," such as the great watering-places. These contain, it appears, by far the largest proportionate number of the criminal classes, more even than the great commercial ports. It might be well, if the residents and visitors of these places would bear this fact in mind. All that a somewhat high average of wealth, education, and refinement can produce, it seems, in these seats of leisure and amusement, is a larger amount proportionately of vice and disorder among the inferior classes than is reared among the gin-shops of Portsmouth and Liverpool, or in the wretched hovels of Dorsetshire peasants. We have no doubt that our criminal arithmeticians will tell us, that a certain amount of pleasure and recreation can alone be purchased at the cost of so much crime being engendered in its neighbourhood; and if we want to be rid of the crime, we must be content to sacrifice the benefits of the recreation. We trust that the more thoughtful residents in these places will be as much dissatisfied with the fact as with the above solution of it. It will not be the least service rendered by these returns, if more general attention be directed by them to this hitherto unnoticed blot in our social system. The ever-demoralizing spirit of idleness pervading these sort of towns might be mitigated if a little leisure were spent on ascertaining the causes and contriving the remedies of an evil of which the upper and middle classes have good cause to be ashamed. There are other features of interest in these returns which our space will not permit us to set before our readers. Suicide appears to be as rife as ever in the metropolis, 47 per cent. out of the 787 cases of self-murder in 1865 being recorded as occurring in London. As to the number of commitments in general, it is some comfort to find that though there is an increase in the total amount, yet of the worst kind of offences there is a smaller proportion than usual, a somewhat remarkable fact in the teeth of the growing repugnance to capital punishment. On the whole, we warmly recommend to every thinking reader the perusal of these judicial statistics. Nothing is farther from our mind than to cast any disparagement on the careful collection and verification of all facts that throw light on our present moral condition and future moral prospects. All we would deprecate is a too hasty mode of forming inferences from scarcely adequate data, and a forcing of logic beyond its true province. It will take, we imagine, a great many volumes of statistics, besides a larger amount of convincing arguments than we have hitherto heard, before men who have hearts as well as heads can be induced to believe that marriage has no connection at all with personal feelings, that vice is independent of volition, and that the uniformity of crime is as fixed and necessary as the tides.

DECORATIVE FAILURES.

It is unfortunate for the interests of art at the present time that in civilized countries it has come to be regarded as the result of theories utterly remote from general taste, totally distinct from those principles which guide the manufacturer and man of science in their work and independent of any standard of excellence, such as one might expect the general dictates of reason to supply. Let us suppose, for instance, a man of good education, accustomed to associate with well-bred people from his youth up, but who had never chanced to reckon a painter among his intimate friends, and had acquired no more knowledge of pictures than what it is possible to pick up from books and newspapers, taken for the first time in his life to a second-rate modern exhibition, and afterwards to the collection of old masters which now forms our National Gallery. Can any one doubt for a moment that he would prefer the garish realisms of the first to the ideal and frequently conventional treatment of the classic schools? He would see little or no merit in the glowing colours of Titian, the flowing draperies of Veronese, the broad handling of Velasquez, the careful detail of Van Eyck. But the cheapest form of sentiment embodied on a modern canvas, so long as it seemed to realize scenes, incidents, and action which he was accustomed to see about him, would at once appeal to his imagination and interest his eye. This vitiated taste is not confined to pictorial art. If we are to believe those who have given their attention to the

subject of technical design, it pervades and infects the judgment by which we are accustomed to select and approve the objects of every-day life which we see around us. It crosses our path in the Brussels carpet of our drawing-rooms; it is about our bed in the shape of gaudy chintz; it compels us to rest on chairs and to sit at tables which are designed in accordance with the worst principles of construction and invested with shapes confessedly unpicturesque. It sends us metal-work from Birmingham which is as vulgar in form as it is gimcrack in execution. It decorates the finest possible porcelain with the most objectionable character of ornament. It lines our walls with silly representations of vegetable life or with a sea of uninteresting diaper. It bids us, in short, furnish our houses after the same fashion as we dress ourselves, and that is with no more sense of real beauty than if art were a dead letter. It is hardly necessary to say that this is not the opinion of the general public. In the eyes of materfamilias, there is no upholstery which could possibly surpass that which the most fashionable upholsterer supplies. She believes in the elegance of window-curtains, of which so many dozen yards were sent to the Duchess of —, and concludes that the dinner-service must be perfect, which is described as "quite a novelty." When did people first adopt the monstrous notion that the "last pattern out" must be the best? Is good taste so rapidly progressive that every mug which leaves the potter's hands should be better than the last he moulded? At that rate, how infinitely superior our crockery might prove to that of the Middle Ages, and Mediaeval majolica to the vases of ancient Greece! But it is to be feared that, instead of progressing, we have gone hopelessly backward in the arts of manufacture. And this is true not only with respect to the character of design, but often in regard to the actual quality of material employed. It is generally admitted by every housewife who has attained a matronly age that linen, silk, and other articles of textile fabric, though less expensive, are far inferior now to what was made in the days of our grandfathers. Metal brokers will tell us that it is impossible to procure for the purpose of their trade, brass such as appears to have been in common use half a century ago. Joinery is neither so sound nor so artistic as it was in the early Georgian era. A cheap and easy method of workmanship—an endeavour to produce a show of finish with the least possible labour, and, above all, an unhealthy spirit of competition such as was unknown to previous generations—have combined to deteriorate the value of our ordinary mechanics' work.

Now although in the field of art as well as in the researches of science, it is not always easy to determine of two collateral phenomena, which may be referred to cause and which to effect, it must be evident to all who have thought earnestly on the subject, that there is an intimate connection between this falling off in the excellence of our manufactures and the tame, vapid character which distinguished even our best painters' work in the early part of the present Victorian age. Doubtless in this particular epoch there have been individual instances of men who, like Turner, developed a new era in some special branch of their profession—just as Wedgwood distinguished himself by his strenuous efforts to throw new life and vigour into the system of ceramic design; but these are solitary cases, and can be hardly quoted as indicative of a generally advancing taste. National art is not a thing which we may inclose in a gilt frame and hang upon our walls, or which can be locked up in the cabinet of a virtuoso. To be genuine and permanent, it ought to pervade with the same spirit the blacksmith's forge and the sculptor's atelier, the painter's studio and the haberdasher's shop. In the great ages of art it was so. Francia, a carpenter's son, was brought up as a *niello* engraver. He became a great painter, but he was not for that reason ashamed to work at decorating jewellery. He loved to sign his pictures "Aurifex," and on his trinkets he inscribed the word "Pictor." The most liberal salary which Messrs. Storr & Mortimer might be prepared to pay would not secure such assistance now. Modern jewellers, as a rule, know nothing of pictorial art; painters, it is to be feared, have but little taste in jewellery. Every branch of manufacture is inclosed within its own limits—has its own particular style. Our china, which once imitated Oriental ware, is assuming, through Minton's influence, a quasi-mediaeval character. The goldsmiths who once produced nothing but rococo ornaments now do their best to imitate Etruscan necklaces and armlets. We have French mirrors and Persian rings, Greek vases and Gothic candlesticks—designs of every age and country but our own, or if by some chance we can point to any special instance of a genuine English design it is sure to be mean and uninteresting.

As this is especially the case with those articles of house-

hold use on which the eye has constantly to rest, we can scarcely be surprised that there is so little popular sympathy with works of high aim in pictorial art. People get into a way of cutting things "quaint" and "peculiar" which happen to differ from the conventional ugliness of the modern drawing-room. When crinoline, for instance, was in the height of its fashion any young lady who had the courage to appear without it would have been called "a fright" in regard to her toilet, without reference to the patent fact that the folds of her dress were sure to fall much more gracefully than over the steel hoop which, we are rejoiced to see, fashion bids fair to trundle into oblivion. Now, if we reflect on the baneful influence which this wretched invention must have had for the last ten years on the tastes of the rising generation; how children must have grown up in the belief that it actually lent a sort of charm to the skirts of their mothers' dresses, we shall begin to feel by how much the less than ourselves little misses who are still in their teens will be capable of appreciating the Venus of Milo or the drapery of any other antique statue. In the same way, if we contemplate with satisfaction—nay, if we even tolerate the extravagant and graceless appointments of the modern boudoir let us not be surprised that we find it mirrored on the modern canvas. The most natural instinct of the painter's mind is, after all, to depict life as he finds it; and in all the best ages of art this was practically done, even by those whose aim tended towards the ideal. Phidias, Raphael, and, if we may place their names together, Hogarth, here met on common ground. We can hardly hope, then, in our own time, to sustain anything like a real and national interest in art while we tamely submit to the ugliness of modern manufacture. We cannot consistently have one taste for the drawing-room and another for the studio; but, perhaps, the best discipline which could be devised for the latter would be initiated by a thorough reform of the first.

IS IT LIVER?

NOVEL writers and poets consider the heart as the seat of affection. People love and worship with all their hearts; in grief they are heart-sick, in despair they become heart-broken; amiable people are called all heart, the wicked hard-hearted. We are of opinion, a great deal too much fuss is made about that ever pulsating, restless organ. It is a beautifully complex piece of machinery, physiologically very important, but as a moral agent it is a sham; not so with the Liver. We are not going to write an essay on the constitution of the human Liver, to describe its hepatic and portal veins, its biliary machinery. We shall avoid all reference to the various forms of disease to which it is liable—are they not written in the looks of the doctors? We wish to draw attention to the Liver, as an organ of great moral action, an organ of the greatest power to affect personal peace, domestic peace, and even political health.

Society long since came to the conclusion that habitually bilious people are ever more or less disagreeable. Men go out to India just as Strasbourg geese go into training for the table, amiable as other men; how often do they return yellow—it is the Liver—to spend years of life, gloomy, never individually at ease or disposed to make other people so? Who can say what the goose suffers as his Liver becomes enlarged for the pies of Fortnum & Mason? but when he is killed out of his misery, he revenges the wrongs of his own Liver by disturbing the condition of that of the lover of pâté, who eats him.

A great deal—far more than people think—of ill humour, is the result of ill health. If misfortune, or the apprehension of it, disturbs the mind, it at the same time puts the body out of sorts. The physical powers once deranged have the singular faculty of aggravating trial, and making black look blacker. The Liver is the great internal despot. It rules the rest of our economy with an iron hand. The heart, brain, and stomach all require healthy blood to give them the vital force required for their several hourly functions. If the Liver is quietly and healthily disposed, these organs will do the best they can for us; if it is in evil disposition, all the rest goes wrong; the blood is un nourished or poisoned, the brain-centres being weak, chill the heart's action, spoil the stomach cookery; our moral vision is perverted, everything we fear is magnified, everything is more bitter than has tended to sour our peace. Friends may advise, books console—it is all in vain. Blue-pill or taraxicum, a day's abstinence from our favourite diet, will often solve the riddle; we see our way, have hope again, are at peace—why? it was the Liver. Many a man has proved a disagreeable host, or a visitor we never wish to see again: we have set him down in our memory as one of those who are our

best friends when least seen; we have mentally accused him, as one, whose wife is to be pitied, his children excused from any amount of filial affection; we are sure his servants have a hard time of it; and yet, did we know the truth, a lobster, a chill, a luncheon may have caused, for the time, what we saw in a man who, nine days out of ten, is amiable, generous in every sense, in every relation loveable—it was a simple case of Liver.

How many a man has been a curse to himself and others in the latter days of his life, who occasionally, painfully aware of the fact, tries in vain to discover why it is so, but never yet arrives at the true cause! He blames the way he was brought up, his parents, his masters, and pastors; he forgets how, as a boy, he used to graze in the kitchen garden, devour greedily at all hours whatever his palate craved for, increasing his love for good things as he got more and more of them. An occasional extra excess drove him to the doctor, and he was dosed. The tongue once clean, he went to it once more, again to suffer the same system of poison and antidote. Thus through his youth he was content to insult his Liver. Young "Livers" are very long-suffering, but it is an eminently revengeful organ. It neither really forgives or ever forgets. It has treasured up the assaults made by Hydrarg. c. cretâ, with the auxiliary aggravation of *Haust sennæ*. It was then helpless to fully avenge itself. Youth in all other organs overpowered the remonstrances, and cared nothing for the threats of one organ. Its day has come, and amply does it repay in advancing age the injuries offered to it in times gone by. The poor fellow who is jealous of the best of wives, captious with all his children, most impatient of the baby; who says he has no friends; suspects his banker; knows his servants are all cheats; who as he drives jerks the horses' mouths in disgust, declaring at the same time they have none; is, after all, only suffering in Liver—taking a jaundiced view of life, because the secretions of one organ are disordered by the results of the pleasanter past days of his life. If he could only be content to set his ill-condition down to the account of all the good things his boyhood and early manhood had so thoroughly enjoyed; if he would try to arrive at the wholesome conclusion that grumpiness, irritation, suspicion, are often but the darkening of the present life through the shadows of past excess now thrown over it, how much happier would he be! The nearest apothecary, if a sensible man, would unravel it all to him. We admit it is humiliating to such a man to be told, "My dear sir, your Liver is in fault; you are hypochondriacal; let me find medicine, and do you attend to diet, and you will find all things improve."

The great general who rashly, for once, on the eve of an engagement, snubbed the engineer officer who modestly offered advice, and then was beaten because he had done so, how disgusted would he be did he know the truth, that had he dined more wisely he would have listened more patiently! When all the world was in amazement at the abrupt termination of the engagement of Lord Kilwinkle, the pauper Guardsman, with Lady Rose Hanover, and put it down to all sorts of scandalous inventions, how sad it was that the truth was not known; the fact being, the Earl, her ladyship's father, was under a severe attack of Liver, Dr. Bodd's brougham was at the door at the very time the poor Guardsman called to go into the question of settlements; the consequence was that old difficulties, which had been smoothed over, cropped up again in magnified proportion, charitable reason had resigned her throne, biliary distemper reigned, angry words were spoken, rash conditions laid down, and poor Kilwinkle had to return to his club a rejected man; as Dr. Bodd said—"If he had only postponed his visit to Grosvenor-square for two days, he would have found the old Earl another man"—i. e., in good humour, or, as we would put it, in good Liver.

We hear a great deal about sensitive people; they are worthy of all compassion, for of all people they are the most prone to give offence to this organ, and at once suffer most severely. Unfortunately there is no worse companion for a sensitive man or woman than one of either sex, of the same disposition, and yet they ever seek each other's company. The pretty plant in the greenhouse, which shrinks from the human touch, is after all only a vegetable of peculiar sensibility; it will shrivel up its leaves at the touch of peer or ploughboy, the plainest or most beautiful of women, a bishop, or Sir Morton Peto; but we do not know, can hardly believe, that its timidity or feeling of offence at all interferes with its health and comfort. Not so is it with the sensitive human being; he or she shrinks at the slightest breath of anything which can excite suspicion of offence given or received; ever on the look out for emotion, the mind is moved by the smallest social straws; the life is one continued scene of misunderstanding

and suspicion of being misunderstood. With a friend or relative of the same disposition, life becomes exposed to almost incessant sorrow and trial. Each thinks the other a good creature—but oh, so sadly touchy! Each is for ever taking credit for forbearance, and the exercise of an excess of charity. The one is for ever yielding what the other does not need, whilst the other is for ever denying his or herself something to which the one is altogether indifferent; both pour out for mutual sympathy their common sense of the hard ways of the world, which offers to both alike so much of daily invitation. When two such people marry, if they love in earnest, they become loving plagues to each other; if they do not really love, their households will be martyrs to their perpetual petty strifes. We do not pretend to say that excessive sensibility proceeds from Liver; but we do avow that this organ has a kind of Satanic delight in making worse the things over-sensitiveness makes bad. If the peace of a household is so easily affected by the health of its members, and especially of those who rule over it, the welfare of a nation is subject to evil from the same cause. The hearts of kings may be very sound, their intentions most noble, and yet how many instances have we in history, and in our own experience, of sovereigns with bad health becoming a curse to their people. What Cabinet Minister ever lived who did not know the political value to the land of the health of its ruler? What King or Queen ever reigned who did not learn to appreciate an even temper in her Chief Minister? Again, what Chief Minister ever led a Ministry and did not soon learn how sober counsel is difficult where any of the members are habitually, or even occasionally, bilious? Great events are very often begotten of very small causes. A good despot is said to be the best of rulers; but has he not a Liver? is he secure of happy digestion? If he is not, the wisdom and beneficence of his rule may any day become perverted by the mere accident of an east-wind chill or some dish on which he had supped. It would be curious to ascertain the exact nature of the preceding day's diet of a certain potentate, who in our time publicly snubbed the ambassador of a friendly nation, and thus gave the signal for the war which followed. It might be possible to determine the probable action of some particular article of food on the constitution of one who lives the world's great enigma. Given, a mind for years cherishing every hope a sullen but restless ambition could afford; a mind ever deep in speculation, never betraying its aim till it is prepared to act; revelling in a sphinx-like mystery, ever weighing words, but choosing language capable at once of its own interpretation, although open to a far different sense in the estimation of others; a mind dreamy with regard to the future, ever on the plot to rule out each cherished scheme; when such folk make some sudden mistake of policy, and are driven to evil rather than admit it, who shall say, after all, whether this tipping of the mental balance was not a physical rather than a mental mishap? Who, with any experience of what intestinal disorder can produce of mischievous intellectual perversion, can doubt but that many an event which has changed dynasties, shaken thrones, led out tens of thousands to war's slaughter, may have had its true origin in this cause? It is sometimes charitable to say of Emperors, Kings, Queens, and Prime Ministers—don't judge too harshly, don't altogether condemn them as unmanageable abusers of power from sheer wickedness or folly—rather, for the once, stop to think whether it can be—Liver.

We have reason to believe that old families have fallen, estates been broken up, and the memory of the dead become a sad subject, simply because men will not bring their stomachs into better order, or allow for the effect of their disturbance, at the time they make their wills. What family solicitor of large practice does not know clients who are for ever altering their wills? We have heard it said one large property was again and again left in fee to three persons—two relatives, the third the doctor; that the heir chosen depended entirely on the temper of the will-maker at the time; he never had the best temper. When, however, it was fair, a nephew was the fortunate man; with an attack of gout, an elder brother; after jaundice, the doctor—for then he hated all his own people; recovering from an attack of gout, he got cast on a question at quarter sessions, went home, became very bilious, two days after tore up the last will, sent for his solicitor, but had apoplexy before he arrived. He ought to have learned the wholesome lesson that to make or alter your will uprightly, requires a thorough weighing of your motives, a calm inquiry into the real justice of your likes or dislikes; above all, taking care to make allowance for the mental irritation of ill-health.

We will say no more on this subject; we shall be most thankful if our readers learn the value of the question—"Is it Liver?" It is a hard, a humiliating lesson, but there is truth in it. We do

for ever injure our own peace, the peace of others—immoderately grieve, and become irrationally angry, with no better reason than that—we were out of sorts. To some of us it is not given to live in sorts. We live with bad Livers. Well, if so, let us ever try and lay at the right door the proportion of our mental disturbance due to it. We shall be far more amiable, more sincere in our friendships and in our love; less liable to cause sorrow to our relatives, or to become plagues to our households, if in every storm of mind, in every hour of mental acidity—we ask, “May it not be Liver?” and then act on this hypothesis.

THE FORESTERS' FÊTE.

THE Frenchman who first accused our people of taking their pleasures sadly should have been present on Tuesday at the Foresters' fête. From an early hour, vans started from all quarters of London, freighted inside and out with members of the ancient order which claims its descent from Robin Hood. The costume patronized by that famous outlaw was, of course, the uniform adopted for the occasion, and, allowing for one or two anachronisms (bluchers were not worn in Sherwood), it was sufficiently true and picturesque. The Maid Marians, however, did not dress to the point, but they made up for this deficiency by a complete identification with the convivial spirit of the celebrations. The scene at the Crystal Palace at about seven o'clock in the evening, when the fun was fast and high, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The ancient order was thirsty, and was quenching its thirst in beer, in stout, in coffee, and in tea. The ancient order was musical to a degree which may be described as intense. Its notions of harmony were of an enlarged character, and embraced combinations of fifes and drums, brass bands, concertinas, tambourines, penny whistles, Jews'-harps, and cornopeans. A cornopean appears to be as indispensable to a Forester as a green velvet-tunic, indeed; the cornopeans were more universally worn. False noses and whiskers were in request, and numbers were ornamented with a head-gear consisting of coloured fire shavings. Derby dolls were affected by a few, and those chiefly of the genus cad, quite a different order from that of the Forester—a genus which invests itself in cheap jewellery and ties of a loud pattern—a genus unpleasantly devoted to mimicking gentility, which it mistakes for culture. The Forester is above all this, he is pure and simple—a tradesman, mechanic, or small shop-keeper—and he is seldom pretentiously offensive or forward. This is his fête, and he is determined to make the most of it. He will hail you betimes as “mate,” should you stand in his vicinity, and invite you to the hospitalities of a huge pewter. He is apparently on the best terms with the police. “Try it,” we heard one of the ancient order say to a constable, as he held towards him a foaming beaker. “What is it now?” replied X 1,005, coyly, at the same instant arresting the vessel and incontinently imprisoning no mean share of the contents.

The fair outside the palace reminded a spectator of the tales of Greenwich in its palmy times. Peepshows, merry-go-rounds, nuts, ginger-beer, cat-calls, and masks were piled or arranged by the foot-path, and tempted the various Foresters who were entering or coming from the main centre of attraction. The *jodel* of cries and laughter was perfectly deafening. “Mariâr Hann, this ‘ere’s hour lot,” we heard one gentleman calling out with so remarkable a treatment of the aspirates that we noted his performance for special mention. Some of the ladies exchanged their bonnets for the hats of the gentlemen who accompanied them, and this diversion became most popular towards the close of the entertainment. The dancing was of a lively kind, and took place on the grass plot, which was thickly strewn with newspapers in which the sandwiches for the day had been enveloped. Babies were in great force. It was not unusual to see a hulking Forester with two in his arms, and his wife bringing up the rear with a third. Choruses of a comic and a sentimental description resounded among the benches where liquor was consumed. The reminiscences of music-halls were most popular; but occasionally a Forester who was a quart or so in advance of his brethren would quaver out a ditty of a heart-breaking and a rather ear-splitting quality, and the good humour with which this was invariably received indicated the fraternal sympathy that exists among the craft. It was curious to note the admirable patience and temper of the married women. Towards the finish some of the Foresters were jolly—not more so than many a club wine-drinker or a diner out, but still sufficiently so to be didactic in converse, wavering in attitude, and prone to repeating stories without any particular point, once or twice

in the course of every minute. To them the women would incline with a perfect and composed attention, both of look and manner, never interrupting, never expostulating, but seeming to accept the infliction as a pleasure, and a part of the day's recreation. The consumption of apples in a stage of choleraic immaturity was enough to startle any one. When the apples were disposed of you went and had a look at the stuffed animals in order to assist digestion, after which the mind of a Forester was not unfrequently disposed to having his weight registered for one penny. That being over, a rush is made to see Ethardo, the spiral ascensionist. Ethardo, nervous, perhaps, from the unusual number of faces turned up to him, and the suppressed murmur and surge of the crowd, slips at one part of his descent, but recovers himself with an ease that suggests, at second thoughts, the seeming mishap being a well-arranged *coup de théâtre*. And now the circus performers parade the grounds on those noble wooden-actioned steeds not unfamiliar to us. They are preceded by a brass band—a very brass band—and are heralded by two personages of a composite make-up, consisting of one part Cremorne pursuivant, and the other theatrical servant who is encored when he removes a chair. But the circus is not extensively encouraged. Games and what are known as “larks” abound. Kiss-in-the-ring and romping in general occupy youthful Foresters and Foresteresses, while stout and the babies engross the older members. The sons of Polyphemus sound a call for departure. The particular son who does it (and who is also an “A. F.”) makes his instrument to blare at first with a perfectly ferocious challenge, which ultimately dwindles into a faltering apology for a sound, and his way in this respect is the way at the return period of nine of the trumpeters out of ten of the Foresters' respective courts. In one of the side halls the following distich was posted:—

“May Foresters strive like bees in a hive,
And never sting each other.”

Near this an opportunity was presented to Foresters of getting their handkerchiefs stamped with a picture commemorative of the anniversary, and the chance was liberally availed of. Elsewhere medals were sold as low as sixpence, also designed to perpetuate the event. As the night closed in the Palace was lit up, and the effect of the flame jets from without was superb. The organ played a slow prelude, but the music floated idly away without ten listeners out of the thousands assembled, and was almost inaudible occasionally with the shouts of “waiter” and the clink of spoons. The works of art came in for very little attention, and no statue in the building had half as many admiring spectators as the plaster group of savages, or the place where the Prussian needle gun was. The reason why a number of people congregated around the inscription which had been placed over the weapon, and left standing, while the gun itself had been removed, is a mystery which we will not attempt to solve. Despite the warning and prohibition in reference to smoking, the smell of tobacco was as pungent in some of the departments as it would be in a seasoned divan. In the trains this tobacco was a grievance to which all the other horrors of the expedition were as nothing. If Foresters would but use honest bird's-eye or Cavendish, their use of the narcotic would be tolerable; but most of them affected a sort of twisted cigar of an overpowering and evil odour, the lighting of which was attended with an appalling combustion of lucifers, and the adoption on the part of the proprietors of an American fashion which we have no desire to see naturalized in this country. All through the business it was impossible, however, not to respect the general bearing of the Foresters. They were thoroughly gallant towards the women, and in the vast gathering there was not a single noticeable row or disturbance. At the same time the scene had its pitiable aspects for a reflecting person. The stupid idiotic songs—not coarse, but simply imbecile—the rough untidy manner of the holiday, the want of arrangement in it, the insufficient trains, and the scramble and tumble air of the entire fête, demonstrated the superiority of our continental neighbours in carrying out an affair of this kind. And yet it was so thoroughly English, that one would not, except in the case of the songs and the “chaff,” which was at times rather pronounced, like to interfere with it. It would have been a useful lesson for those who only know the people from hearsay, to have gone amongst them on this occasion, and to have seen through the surface vulgarities the material for good, and the good itself. Politics, by the way, received no encouragement whatever. During the long wait for the station-door to open, one individual commenced a speech, but he was unmercifully interrupted and laughed out of the project. We are convinced of the room for improve-

ment among the Foresters, and we would wish they had more refined tastes, but it is not altogether a fault of theirs. Those honest fellows in baldric, tinsel, and feathers, are of the stuff that has helped to make this country what it is; and what it will be, in no slight degree depends upon the social and educational advances which we can help them to attain. That "flesh and blood" expression of Mr. Gladstone, had as much truth as feeling in it, and we are inclined to think there was almost a prophecy in the sentiment which had better be helped to fulfilment than be left to assert itself.

BOOK DANDYISM.

CRITICS of the severe order are disposed to fling aside four in every five of the books that come before them, when they have reached the welcome *finis*, with the remark of the precocious youth who, on having mastered the alphabet, is said to have expressed a doubt whether after all it was worth while to endure so much in learning so little. A dreary sense of the profitless character of a large part of current literature overcomes them. But it must be admitted that if the absence of originality among the minor authors of the day be "conspicuous," the printer and paper-maker surpass all their previous achievements. As much cannot be said, perhaps, for the binders of books, who have rather readily suited themselves to the prevailing love of cheapness, and have provided, instead of the enduring boards of former days, a nondescript variety of gaudy and flimsy coverings, expressed in fancy, with an occasional exception of the mock-solid order, bevilled on the edges and otherwise dandified. The typographer's is the most striking advance—a great stride forward, accomplished within a period of less than twenty years. A workman is he of rare skill, better entitled now for his art's sake to the style of "gentleman," which he anciently claimed, and to the sword accompanying, than at any period in the history of publishing. His "letter" quaint of cut and curious in ingenious diversity, his elegant adjustments of æsthetically-contrasted "founts," his grotesque or graceful chapter-headings, his borderings, and initial capitals that indicate a whole volume of love, or wit, or satire, give him a clear right to repudiate kinship with mere mechanical employments, and to assume the post and pretensions of the artist. With the photographer and the producer of chromos he divides the credit of those handsome editions which eclipse all the adornments of drawing-room tables. The paper-maker ministers to these successes by that pure mellow-toned material so agreeable to the eye, which almost makes dull instructors respectable and poor wits amusing. If truth must be told, however, the labours of the modern Caxtons and their satellites are most commendable when they do their chastest endeavour to reproduce the standard works that are for all time—the poets, sages, humourists, and wizards of the fiction-world—in a dress that heightens their charms. It is a prostitution of art when senseless prose, unmelodious and meaningless song, are luxuriously offered to the public on paper, thick, creamy, aristocratic, with high-bred margin, and all the jewellery of opulence. Arrant impostures are these books, and the pillory would be too good a fate for the deliberate dunces or reckless tradesmen who write or edit them. They deceive the unwary by their garish exterior, just as do the illustrious race of Snobs, who owe to their tailors more than it is possible they ever could to their preceptors; and on account of their increasing number, and the intolerableness of the nuisance on the highways of literature, the voice of warning must be raised in the interest of greedy readers and inexperienced purchasers. Did the authors who dwell in the region of platitudes, and vend plagiarized commonplace, rest satisfied with the ordinary garb of everyday book-life, they would at least escape being obtrusively offensive; but these mincing steps, these perfumes, all this filigree and flourish, when associated with no sterling quality, sicken. Companionship with such books, as with such men, weakens the intellect, depraves the moral sensibility, and chills the heart.

It seems the more necessary to remind a certain very large and easily-duped class of readers of this danger, as these Snobs of the shelves are by no means confined to the category of the "profane" in literature. Among the herd of ordinary novelists, tourists, essayists, and versifiers, there are, in fact, far fewer such sinners. Your real toned-paper, large-margined, mediæval-typed, fantastic Snob in boards is generally a Pharisee of the Pharisees. These large margins are his broad phylacteries, and say as plainly as if the words were uttered: I am not as other books; not like this Publican, who "has no moral," who permits evil men a place in his pages, and has been heard, at times, to drop

exclamations neither fit for ears polite or pious. It is too true that many *serious* people are deceived, to their minds' hurt, by these hypocrites of print, just as they are by hypocrites *in corpore vili*. The sleek, well-upholstered knaves push themselves upon public notice by the resistless arts of an advertising age. The conscientious parent or guardian will require to go near and scan their features—to open their leaves and do much more than glance through them—if he would secure for his young charges a well undefiled, whether of morals or of English. With some he will find very poor inculcation of motive mixed up with the most unctuous phraseology; an extraordinary combination, it may be, of mere earthly love-passages with bursts of ecstatic piety. There is a demand for a class of books to which these must bear some sort of resemblance, otherwise they would not be written, and printed, and freely sold; but just on that account, it is to be regretted that the craving should be satisfied with food that is innutritious, if not positively destructive. There are exceptions, of course, among books that are not only good books, but have a measure of the interest of fiction, which Puritanism does not now proscribe if it have a pulpit flavour, but the exceptions are few.

When, at the close of the last century, Johnson, a noted London publisher of the poems of Cowper, produced them at the then marvellous price of three shillings, he was influenced, as the charming biographer of the Old Bookseller says, by a true regard for the interests of literature in setting his face against the luxurious typography becoming fashionable at the time. He was concerned because it so enhanced the cost of new books as to be a material obstacle to "the indulgence of a laudable curiosity on the part of the reading public." Now, in the days of duty-free paper-making, the "wire-wove, hot-press'd page's glossy glare" neither indicates dearth nor merit. It is a mere tradesman's device. Hodge's razors have their counterpart among books: they had, no doubt, some fancy handle, which bore a floral emblem. If it is not exactly the rule at present among books that nothing that glitters is gold; there never was a period when, perhaps in men, but certainly in articles of manufacture, and to a large degree also in books, it was less safe to judge merely by external appearances. Never was a more careful selection of books necessary, and on the liberal principles we have indicated. Solomon's saying, that "of making of books there is no end," is true to an extent that it never could have entered into his prophetic mind to foresee. The stir witnessed in every department of literature adds to the responsibilities and exalts the functions of the critic. It also marks out for the weekly newspaper press a duty which it has so far faithfully performed, in condemning, hardly, however, with sufficient severity, all manner of quacks, pretenders, mere dealers in literary opportunities, and especially those that vend a miserable fleshless superficialism under the sanction of religion. The spurious class of the books referred to are seldom touched by reviewers at all; they are passed by as not deserving the slightest recognition. But the fact that they run to many editions, and that they draw off those resources of buyers which should be the property of the genuine author, suggests the expediency of occasionally instructing the public in a conscientious spirit on the worthlessness of Shoddy even when solemnly consecrated, and brought before the public as the patent of some dignitary most unwilling to turn a penny by diluting his sermons or spicing up his parish experiences for feeble edification.

"CALLING A SPADE A SHOVEL."

To call a spade a spade is a current expression for a free and outspoken honesty of language. Whether that useful agricultural engine has been considered too homely to be spoken of in polite society without a periphrasis, or whether there is a more recondite allusion to the spades on playing-cards, we cannot say. About the meaning of the phrase there is no doubt. Equally beyond doubt is the fact that it is a sort of apologetic expression for frankness in an unattractive form. It is the defence put forward by a "plain man" for the disagreeable truths which he utters. We may suppose an imprudent engagement to have been contracted between two fond but penniless young creatures, who have everything to bless them except the possibility of having enough to marry on. Yet to most of the members of either family there is an indescribable charm about this betrothal; everything is sweet and hopeful, and *couleur de rose*. About this time, Uncle John, of mature years, appears upon the scene, and blows away in an instant all the rosy mists, and is absolutely proof against the indescribable charm. He probably begins with an attack upon

the girl's mother. "I don't know what you call all this; for my part, I'm a plain man who calls a spade a spade, and I call it utter nonsense, a piece of tomfoolery that will end in the workhouse if it goes on." Probably, in a financial and economical point of view, Uncle John is perfectly right; but it is also evident that he plumes himself upon never mincing matters, especially if they are unpleasant to hear, and can be unsparingly stated; and this habit he defends by the use of the phrase which we have put into his mouth. We wish it to be understood from the title of this paper that there is also a very exaggerated side to this propensity. We may make our disagreeable truth so unnecessarily disagreeable that at last it passes out of the region of truths altogether; it has been so blackened that its original outline is lost. This may be described as "calling a spade a shovel:" understanding by the spade a homely yet not undignified article, while the shovel is regarded as only superficially resembling the spade, being really of a low and proletarian character, acquainted with ashes and coal-cellars and dirt generally.

It is very unchristian to call a spade a shovel, as, under some circumstances, it is uncharitable to insist on and make a point of the identity of the spade, and yet it is very often done. Some people always delight in describing the conduct of their neighbours in terms so intensely strong, that we are only saved from being entirely misled by our acting unconsciously upon our experience, and making a necessary deduction from the strength of the expressions. We have to reduce the shovel back again to the spade. There seems to be a wide-spread desire to secure the very strongest language in describing the actions and motives of people. We well remember a French master, of a somewhat irritable temper, who, when worried by some piece of schoolboy nonsense, used to burst forth into what would have been a torrent of abuse, but his English failing him when he wanted it most, he summed it all up in saying:—"My fellow, your conduct is tremendous; there is no name for it!" And one finds a most humiliating illustration of the same desire, if one listens for two minutes to the conversation of some of our "roughs." Furnished with a most limited vocabulary, and penetrated with the wish to "pitch it very strong," they are reduced to the permutations and combinations of something less than half a dozen words, which certainly may afford them the satisfaction of belonging to the very lowest type of shovel, but which are almost laughable, if they were not so vile, from their utter incongruity with the subjects to which they are applied. Setting aside all other considerations, it is very false economy to exhaust our strong words in describing the spade, for it leaves us as it were without suitable ammunition when we really have to direct an attack upon a shovel; yet this is constantly being done by all classes of society. It may be honestly asked whether serious harm is not often done to the cause of morality and religion by the unsparing language of well-intentioned persons directed against things which they individually do not approve of. Failing to distinguish between the use and abuse of things, such persons describe actions or pursuits, which are *per se* innocent enough, as grossly sinful and abominable. To some it is inexpressibly soothing to level the most unsparing anathemas at things which are unattractive to themselves, and which they think ought for that reason to be unattractive if not actually repellent to all the rest of the world. And the unfortunate result is that much undeserved discredit is thrown upon the kindly warnings and friendly words of the large-hearted and sincere, because the exaggerated censure of these stern moralists makes people suspicious of anything in the shape of advice. You may call a glass of wine deadly poison, and you may designate a ball-room as the haunt of sin, but that will not prevent others from being greatly benefited by half a pint of dry sherry, or from spending an agreeable evening at a ball. Of course the *odium theologicum* is proverbial for its intensity, and much harm is done in that department too by the spiteful substitution of the shovel for the spade. Leaving out the question of the personal treatment of theological opponents and the hard words uttered about them, one is sometimes aghast at the language which is used about some book with the tenets of which the speaker does not agree. Nothing is fairer than to sift every book thoroughly, to compare, to refute, to expose, but hardly anything can ever justify vituperation. And nothing could justify an expression used the other day in a public meeting, where a theological work that counts many enemies and many friends was described in words which implied it was dictated by the devil. A little more of this would bring us down by rapid strides to the emphatic language of the "roughs" which we saw reason to disapprove of.

The thought has often struck us that there is no more

notable case of calling spades shovels than in the language in which old maids describe the habits of young men. We are far from wishing, and far unfortunately from being able, to justify all their habits; but it may be supposed possible to reckon even among lively young men not only bad and indifferent, but good as well; and it will hardly be denied, that of the various pursuits which attract them some are bad and some good, and some merely silly. But the majority of old maids have no such lenient scale. Thirty years ago they were no doubt foolishly lenient, and what was silly may have been thought fine, and even what was bad was very lightly sentenced, though that was their ignorance. But when they have reached that climax which gives us the undesirable permission to call them "old maids," it seems as if their view of the young male population had taken as complete a turn as their own estate. It takes very little to make them call a lively young man a "profligate" or a "reprobate;" if he plays a game of whist he is a gambler; and if he comes home rather late, he is something worse still. To hear some of them talk, one would think that young men spent the whole of their time, not in breaking only, but actually pulverizing, the Ten Commandments. Many may remember, as they read this, several happy exceptions to the rule among their maiden lady friends, but we shall be surprised if the exceptions should prove able to disprove the general rule of the view expressed by a real old maid about young men.

But hardly a day passes that we are not tempted into the committal of this sort of exaggeration by the wholesale manner in which we use the superlative degree of comparison in all our adjectives. Superlatives are dangerous things. A man once wrote to his wife—"My dearest Maria;" and by return of post he received the cold reply—"Permit me to correct either your grammar or your morality. Pray who are your other dear Marias?" Under the tuition of that severe monitress we might learn to prune our exuberances. But, as it is, do we not say twenty times in the week "It's the most shocking thing I ever heard of," or "It's the grossest swindle that has ever been perpetrated," and although there was a good deal to be said about the collapse of that company in which we had embarked our money, it is too good to be true that it should be the grossest swindle that the world has ever known. In public life there are certain restrictions about what we say, and still more stringent ones about what we write; but on the other side of the water we think that an American orator, and especially a Fenian partisan, is as exuberant as anything we could wish to see, and certainly not a little of his exuberance is expended in calling spades shovels. The interchange of amenities between the various journals of the day has passed out of that stage which Mr. Dickens immortalized in the encounters between the *Eatanswill Independent* and *Gazette*; but though caution has been taught and decency enforced, still human nature has not changed, and we may be sometimes amused to watch how paper finds the means of abusing the statements of a contemporary, and calling hard names by implication. For instance we have got very subtle in the use of language, and when we dare not say, "This spade is a shovel," we might say, "If any one told us this spade was a shovel, we should understand what he meant." But, although we hear no more the trumpet tongue of the *Eatanswill* journals, we do not feel sure that we have outlived the day of another great master of the art of calling a spade a shovel. It must often be an astonishment to a man to inspect the picture of himself which the counsel for the prosecution lays before "a contemplative jury of his civilized countrymen." He must feel mingled interest and indignation to hear his conduct designated as dastardly or atrocious, when he is really more sinned against than sinning, and to watch the ingenuity with which his actions are made to wear the most suspicious colours, and motives of the worst kind suggested for them. And we often find that the process of summing-up consists in reducing once more the shovel to the spade. But the "contemplative" jury also must by this have learned to know the note and be ready to set it in a lower key; for, although Sergeant Buzfuz has become almost an impossible character and his wild flights of rhetoric are not the customary sounds heard in our law courts, the system of forensic defamation still lives and still works without noise, but not with less ingenuity.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—On Monday next, August 27th, the Gardens of this Society at South Kensington will, we have been informed, be open to the public free, in commemoration of the birthday of the late Prince Consort. The fountains and cascades will play throughout the day, and various military bands will perform both morning and afternoon.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

AN "Exposition Nationale de Pêche" has been held at Boulogne, and the fish-wives, in neat bodices and trim ankles, have attracted quite as much attention from "our own correspondent" as the trophies or departments with which they were connected. England was represented by Mr. F. Buckland amongst others, and by a number of ship-chandlers, who appeared to have considered that there was a more intimate association between their business and the object of the display than the intention of the latter seemed to warrant. We do not hear of Mr. Ponder or of "his babies," and we are surprised that that queer fish, the salmon, who annually haunts the Thames, was not shown off. Mr. Buckland had a case of oyster shells, and Messrs. Brand, of Great Yarmouth, exhibited those garments of unique structure which fishermen are supposed to affect. There were nets, lobster-traps, and fish-hooks without end. English artisans are encouraged to cross over and see how these things are done in France. The show winds up with a ball, of course, in which the bonnie fishwives figure prominently. It is only on the Continent they would think of combining oysters and elegance; the only effort in that direction which we make is limited to a mermaid presiding over the strangulation of a gurnard, nicknamed a dolphin—a charming device which may be seen in our public fountains. Our readers will recognise this work of art, and that slight variation in it which consists in the substitution of a goose for the gurnard. We should not neglect pisciculture, and an occasional exhibition similar to the show at Boulogne might be of greater service than the display of bull terriers and Pomeranian carriage dogs.

CARDINAL CULLEN's levee at Clonliffe was attended by all the respectable portion of his flock. In the address of the clergy the reverend gentlemen started from the Apostles, took in St. Patrick, and arrived at his Eminence by a rather circuitous chronological route. Mr. McCarthy's ode, judging from the extracts we have seen, does not appear to have been quite equal to his "Voyage of St. Brendan." The serenading bands selected rather inappropriate airs, unless we can conceive a deeper significance in "The Whole Hog or None" than its Christy Minstrel character would import. What had "Slap Bang" to do with the occasion? We trust Cardinal Cullen will use his power for the extinction of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. There is a wide field for him in this connection, and nobody will enforce against him the penalties of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill if the weight of his dignity be thrown in to keep a decent balance of social intercourse between the Protestants and Catholics of the Irish metropolis.

THE savages who eat a boat's crew of Frenchmen in the Pacific were slain to the number of one hundred and fifty. This is a curious story for our "advanced period of civilization." That Frenchmen will not allow their comrades to be devoured with impunity is natural enough, but we hope they observed a method and proportion in the return match. In Algiers they were not particular about burning a score or two of Arabs now and again. If fifty years of Europe is worth a cycle of New Caledonia, how many of the South Pacific Sawney Beans are equal to a native of *La Belle France*?

FROM reports which have come to us concerning Spain, it appears that the interest taken in cattle breeding is confined to preparing bulls for the arena. This is putting "circenses" first with a vengeance. The sheep have depreciated in wool, and nothing appears to thrive so well as the goats—always features in a Spanish landscape or story. The coal-mines are badly worked, though the yield is fair. The soft quality, including carriage, fetches from 28s. to 29s. per ton at Barcelona; English coals sell for 40s. per ton.

A DISTURBANCE has taken place at Irkutsk. One thousand exiles have revolted, and killed several soldiers, afterwards retreating to the woods. An insurrection at Sukamkale arose, as we learn, in consequence of a direct levy of taxes, and it appears a colonel fell in the service of the revenue. How completely we have lost sight of Poland since the time when there were nightly debates on her condition and prospects, and when Mr. J. P. Hennessey made paragraphs for himself in the newspapers on the score of his patriotic advocacy of a country

with which, as member for King's County, he must have been intimately acquainted.

THE case of Loseby v. Price (General Life and Fire Insurance Company) affords a warning to jobbers who are inclined to make a good thing out of a fire. Jurors, as a rule, regard a company as Charles Lamb did the revenue—an abstraction, and therefore not to be considered as capable of sensibility to cheating; but in this instance the palladium was interposed between the hosier and the company on account of the former having exaggerated his losses to such an extent that the jury appeared to think he fraudulently represented them. Mr. Justice Willes expressed an opinion, which we are desirous of circulating, "that there was no doubt whatever that the contract with insurance offices was a mere contract of indemnity, and that a person who sustained damage could only recover what he had actually lost by a fire."

ONE of those baits for popularity so offensive to any sensible person appeared in the leader of a daily paper early this week. It says we have adhered consistently to our national habits "and elevated them to the rank of eternal and immutable canons of taste and ethics." From the next sentence we gather that bitter beer and Guinness are included in the "eternal and immutable canons," and that, in point of fact, the writer simply meant that we wash, drink, and dine, more than the French or Germans. He hints that in Paris a dinner of ardent hippophagi is the substitution for our Ministerial whitebait feast. This is a way of putting a thing which belongs to an order of composition which cannot be described as literature, and yet there are people who think it both clever and funny.

THE great characteristic of modern government is to keep out of a mess—to hazard nothing; to exhibit a decent debility. Else surely a raid would be made on the publishers of the "Boy-Burglar," "Boy-Pirate," "Boy-Highwayman," and other such lively spawn, the due results of Lord Lytton's "Paul Clifford" and Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard." Not a week passes but ten or a dozen boy-thieves are arrested, and on them are found bundles of this precious literature. On Wednesday, five boy-burglars, between 10 and 13, led by a captain of the mature age of 8, with crowbars, chisels, and jemmies, were charged at Bow-street with scientifically breaking open a curds-and-whey stall, and absorbing its contents. Their parents gave them all "good characters"—as diligent students of thieves' literature, we presume.

THE Queen has knighted our last great traveller, discoverer of the newest, and for the moment, received, source of the Nile, which, happily for him, he named the Albert Nyanza. All honour to Sir Samuel Baker, M.A., and gold medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. All honour too to his heroic wife; theirs is a touching book and a Christian book. But these good people—these Christians—merely confirm the opinions of bilious Captain Burton and other travellers as to the character of the negro. At home he is "without pity, love, religion, self-denial, or duty, a thief, murderer, idle, covetous, cruel, selfish, ready to plunder and enslave his weaker brother." This is what Sir Samuel Baker calls the negro's "crude state." Very crude, indeed. He wishes the black sympathizers in England could see it. Yes; but will they?

If Sir Samuel Baker's statement about the negro at home be true, and also the assertions of several correspondents that the slave-trade is dead be true also, our squadron on the West Coast of Africa should at once be recalled. On a moderate computation we have buried four white seamen, officers and men, for every black brother whom we have saved from slavery. Now doing good is a luxury, but when the cost is so great and the result *nil*, the luxury should hardly be indulged in.

THERE is a passion for good English flying about, and it would seem a very small supply in answer to the demand. Spoilt by injudicious reviewers, Miss Braddon is the last who has taken the good-English fever which has broken out in ugly blotches in the very title and prospectus of her new magazine. "It will aim to be of the highest character," she tells us. "It will be written in good English; in its pages papers of sterling merit will only appear." Now, if Miss

Braddon can parse that sentence, and if what she says be true, both of which conjectures she will allow us to doubt, here is a lively look-out for English authors who write good English. All MSS. of good English must be henceforth forwarded exclusively to Miss Braddon, care of her publishers.

SUCCESS is so very successful: the music-halls have beaten the theatres, and offer large prices for operas and prizes for singers. Every Puritan abused the theatre, where moral lessons are taught and whence, of late years, evil company was excluded; what will they say of the singing-shops where well-dressed gents, in exciting juxtaposition with the over-dressed *demi-monde*, colour their pipes and their noses and yell out a chorus in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, gas, and the steam of hot spirits-and-water? Lessons, too, are taught there: read the titles of vulgarly-loud songs, and pause over the creaking couplets of the Codri of the music-halls, and see what they are.

MR. BOUCICAULT next season will be *in excelsis*. It is a hard matter even for a skilful gymnast to ride four horses at once, but what is that to inspiring or conducting four London theatres. Perhaps the most difficult task for a modest playwright was to demand £20,000 for the four lobster-salad plays, with situations original and selected, which were, and it is said are, to be furnished for these four theatres. This Mr. Boucicault has accomplished.

As a memorial to a very sweet singer in the English Church, certain of his admirers have proposed to raise a sum of £50,000, wherewith to build colleges. This is a small sum for building and endowment, but of it in England only £27,000 is subscribed, and the ardour seems to slacken; the poet is dead, and the sharpness of regret has passed. Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, has addressed a letter some time since to his clergy and laity, urging them to testify their union and sympathy with their brothers of the Anglican Church in this movement—at present with little result. At the same time England is asked by the brother of the gallant Stuart to furnish £10,000 for the endowment of Washington College, Virginia, of which General Robert Lee, who has laid by the sword and put on the gown, is President. Here now is a fair opportunity for reciprocal politeness, and of urging each other to well-doing, which should not on either side of the Atlantic be missed.

THE war-storm which early last week appeared to be brewing between France and other European Powers is now entirely dissipated—at any rate, for the present. The highly pacific answer returned by the Emperor Napoleon to the refusal of Prussia to accede to his request for a rectification of frontiers, on which we commented in our last issue, turns out to be quite authentic, and, if anything else is in the background, it will probably not be brought forward just yet. Belgium, moreover, seems to be safe from any awkward demands; though on this ground the state of affairs is somewhat vague and ambiguous. A few days ago, it was stated that King Leopold had received an autograph letter from the French Emperor, declaring that it was by no means his intention to annex any portion of Belgium, the interests of which, and of its dynasty, he would prefer to promote. This was a little too plain-spoken to look genuine; but it was apparently confirmed by a statement in the *Journal de Liège*, which, on the faith of a Paris correspondent, affirmed that the Emperor had ordered his Ambassador in London “to declare spontaneously and officially to the British Government that he never intended to take an inch of Belgian territory.” The English public rested for a day or two on the faith of these assurances; but on Tuesday the *Moniteur* announced that the statements in question were erroneous. “Although,” says the official organ, “it is true that the French Minister for Foreign Affairs has informed the British Government that France would not demand the fortresses of Marienbourg and Philippeville, which are in the hands of a neutral Power, it is not correct that the Emperor has written to the King of the Belgians.” This limitation would seem to imply that some other part of Belgium would be demanded. Still, inasmuch as the whole of Belgium was neutral during the late war, and the country is not inclined to take sides with or against any one, there seems to be no reasonable excuse for aggression. It is, indeed, very doubtful whether France has any ogreish intentions towards the harmless little kingdom on her north-east. The growing power of Prussia may some day compel a renewal of the demands recently made;

but, in view of that eventuality, there may already, as we hinted last week, be an amicable arrangement.

CHOLERA is now unquestionably decreasing in London, though with slight fluctuations. It is still—together with its twin brother, diarrhoea—most prevalent in the East end; but even there the diminution is rapid and considerable. It is impossible to say how far this may be owing to the gradual passing away of that peculiar influence in the air—whatever may be its nature—which predisposes human beings to attack; but it cannot reasonably be doubted that the sanitary measures which have been taken since the outbreak have had something to do with its mitigation. The house-to-house visitation organized by the various visiting and relief associations, and the ship-to-ship visitation which has also been prosecuted on the river, have had an admirable effect; and it is impossible to speak too highly of the noble spirit of courage, benevolence, and self-sacrifice (leading in some instances to disease and death) in which the admirable men and women concerned in these philanthropic efforts have performed their voluntary duties. By enforcing on the uneducated the observance of simple sanitary laws, and by supplying them with food, brandy, and other comforts, they have done much towards rescuing the sick from death, and saving those who were still well from the dreaded attack. It is related that a poor man, to whom some brandy was given by one of the visitors when he seemed to be dying, said afterwards that it seemed to move the cramps. Cholera has no such ally as poverty, with the exception of excess. The rich have come forward liberally in connection with the Cholera Fund, which has augmented at the rate of about £1,000 a day; but more still is needed, and Mrs. Gladstone is pleading for help to enable her to turn her Temporary Home for Children recovering from Cholera into a permanent institution for orphans. A very touching and interesting scene took place on Sunday in the eastern districts of the metropolis, the Bishop of London having passed the afternoon and evening in visiting the cholera patients in the workhouses of St. George's-in-the-East and of St. John, Wapping, and in preaching in the new church of St. Peter, Old Gravel-lane. He was accompanied by Mrs. Tait, and the effect of the visit seems to have been very good. It is in acts such as these that prelates show themselves worthy of the high office they fill.

MR. EYRE underwent a dinner at Southampton and a muscular speech from the Rev. C. Kingsley, in which the latter quoted his brother, and mentioned that we were the fathers of the United States and the conquerors of India. He predicted a seat in the Lords for the ex-Governor of Jamaica. Lord Shrewsbury returned thanks for the Houses of Parliament, and alluded to the guest of the evening as an oppressed individual. The country was under the thumb of Mr. Bright. Let them ask themselves whether it was astonishing that Mr. Eyre should have made some “mistakes.” Mr. Eyre's *noli me episcopari* to all this was of the faintest kind. The “mistakes” were the safeguards of property and of the honour of women. He had his consolation in feeling that he had performed his duty. The company were hissed as they quitted the building, and the following resolution was proposed and passed at the Victoria Rooms:—“That the wholesale hanging, shooting, and flogging which followed the suppression of the outbreak in Jamaica have brought disgrace upon the British name, and cannot be too strongly condemned by every Englishman who respects the laws and liberties of his country.” Thus, there are two opinions about the “mistakes,” but we suspect only one concerning the propriety of a discharged servant of the Crown accepting a compliment from a clique as a salve for his disgrace.

ANOTHER collision between steamers on the high seas, attended with terrible loss of life, has shocked us all this week. At half-past two o'clock on Sunday morning, the General Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Bruiser* was run into by the screw steamer *Haswell*, off Aldborough. There were 128 persons on board the former, and, though the greater number were saved, upwards of twenty sank with the wreck, and disappeared for ever. Accidents at sea are becoming disgracefully frequent, and, on the present occasion, as on previous occasions, there seems to have been no excuse. The night was clear and bright with moon and stars; the sea was perfectly calm, and both ships showed lights, and had men on the look-out. No signal, however, according to an account written by one of the passengers, was given to the helmsman until the collision took place. Bad seamanship, and blundering

management of the helm, are generally found to be at the bottom of such disasters.

GENERAL LA MARMORA has resigned his posts of Chief of the Staff and Minister of Foreign Affairs without portfolio, and is succeeded in the former office by General Cialdini. General Pettinengo, Minister of War, has also resigned, making room for General Cugia. La Marmora is a good scientific commander; but he was not the man for the late crisis, being too methodical for a war which required dash and energy for its successful prosecution. He certainly did not shine, even in purely technical matters, in the brief campaign of June; and Cialdini, with the superior animation of a younger man, distinguished himself much more. Should war break out again between Italy and Austria—an event not very unlikely, one of these days—Cialdini will probably be found at the front. His antecedents are good, and he possesses both spirit and caution.

KING THEODORUS turns up again, and writes thus to the Queen:—"In my humble position I am not worthy to address your Majesty, but illustrious princes and the deep ocean can bear anything. I, being an ignorant Ethiopian, hope that your Majesty will overlook my short-comings, and pardon my offences." It will be perceived that this ignorant Ethiopian can express himself much more respectfully than De Gruyther, who is learned in constitutional law, and who is probably not an Ethiopian, unless he belong to the order of serenaders distinguished by that epithet, to which, indeed, he may be attached for aught we know.

HIS Excellency the Marquis of Abercorn intends to drive or ride into the affections of the Dubliners. Thirty-four horses have arrived already for the viceregal stables. The Earl of Kimberley kept about four horses, and the Earl of Carlisle had twenty-two. Very high notions are entertained of the coming splendours of the Irish Court. His Excellency is reported to have expressed himself to the effect that of course he must receive at levees all persons holding official appointments, but that his table is his own, and that he will certainly not admit to the viceroy's hospitality any persons whom the Marquis of Abercorn would decline to receive. This is riding a very high horse indeed.

AN amnesty for political offenders, including Mazzini and the persons concerned in the Aspromonte attempt, was signed by the King of Italy at Padua on the 17th inst. This is as it should be. Though in many respects a dangerous and wrong-headed politician, Mazzini has certainly been a highly conscientious one, and has done more than any man towards enforcing the idea of unity. Now that unity is on the point of being accomplished, it would be sad indeed if he were still forbidden his native soil.

POLITICAL feeling in Italy is still very great, and it is said that the dissatisfaction throughout the Peninsula at the recent course of events is deep and wide-spread. It is so, conspicuously, at Milan, Genoa, and Florence; "a burning rage against La Marmora and his clique;" and, in Florence, "a thorough contempt and almost hatred for the King." So says the Florence letter of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. From another source we learn through what terrible excitement Italy must have passed, evidenced by the repeated cases of insanity which have occurred during the summer. These have been noticed in the Milan papers. "Cases of insanity," says one of these on the 2nd of August, "follow each other with truly extraordinary frequency. Not a day passes without three or four persons thus attacked being conveyed to the hospitals, there to be taken care of until room can be made for them in the establishments specially devoted to the care of insanity." This is directly attributable to political excitement!—anxiety about friends and shocks on learning their death. The Milan correspondent of the *Times* speaks of "dozens of cases" which he has met in his daily readings of the Italian papers, more particularly in Milan. These facts give us a closer insight into the distressing enthusiasm with which Italy has striven for a prize, for which, to her consternation, she finds herself indebted, as in 1859, to the arms of an ally!

THE naval fight off Lissa will have been a gain to humanity as well as to the Austrian flag if the latter Admiral Tegethoff is said to have written to Vienna, "begging the Government

to propose that in all future civilized warfare steamers or boats shall be allowed to carry white flags and run unharmed among the combatants to save, if possible, the victims of these terrible tournaments," should have effect. It is said that when the *Archduke Max.* drove her bows into the *Re d'Italia*, making a wound in her side of not less than sixty-two square feet, the latter leant slowly towards her, and then filled so fast that in less than two minutes from the recoil of the *Max.*, the *Re d'Italia* had heeled over, filled, righted, and plunged head foremost to the bottom. Admiral Tegethoff, to his eternal honour, ordered his ship to be stopped, and boats to be lowered, but two Italian ironclads were bearing down upon them, and his captain represented to him that delay would be destruction. His subsequent suggestion to his Government will give at least as much *éclat* to his name as his splendid victory over superior numbers at Lissa.

It was for a moment doubted that Sir Gilbert East had been drowned, but the discovery of his body sets all question at rest. He was passing along the pier at Ryde to his boat early in the morning of Sunday, the 12th inst., when by some means which will probably never be exactly explained, he fell into the sea, cried several times for help, and disappeared. There is no ground for believing that he committed suicide, because he was seen to be in excellent spirits shortly before the event occurred. He had engaged to sail his yacht against another, and he was known to have expressed a wish that he might live until his son's coming of age, which occurs in about seven months hence. Sir Gilbert's brother, Mr. Charles William Clayton East, died on Monday last.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE musical novelty of the past week has been the performance, at St. James's Hall, of "Blind Tom," the negro pianist, previous to his provincial tour. This youth is an extraordinary instance of the powerful development of another faculty so generally consequent on the deprivation of sight, and so frequently showing itself in an aptitude for music. A preternatural acuteness of hearing, and a highly sensitive perception of manual touch, are almost always found allied to blindness—increased powers of enjoyment in another and more abstract direction being bountifully given by nature in exchange for the lost sense. Within the past few months we have spoken of two blind pianists, Herr Labor (pianist to the King of Hanover), and Mr. J. L. Summers, an Englishman—both of whom are highly accomplished musicians, brilliant executive players, and holding rank as cultivated artists. "Blind Tom" cannot be placed in this category, being exhibited as an eccentric curiosity, mingling with his pianoforte playing various *ad captandum* feats, appealing merely to vulgar mirth and wonderment. He is stated to be an idiot, possessing no intelligence otherwise than through the medium of musical sounds. We have no means of testing this assertion, having held no communication with "Blind Tom;" but our impression, from witnessing his performance, is directly the reverse—he seems to us to possess intelligence far above the negro average; but (no unusual circumstance even among musicians with white skins and perfect eyesight) so entirely concentrated on the one pursuit as to convey an impression of vacancy and stupidity in other respects. Similar results may be found in men of the highest intellectual capacity—the exclusive devotion to any one subject, whether of science or art, is very apt to narrow the mind in other directions. A profound mathematician, astronomer, or geologist, may appear excessively stupid in matters of general information; and this is especially liable to be the case in the pursuit of music—an art so absorbing in its fascination, and requiring so large an application of time and labour for the mastery of its executive difficulties. It is impossible to believe that any one approaching idiocy could play coherently, as Blind Tom does, long pieces of difficult music, frequently executing the passages with brilliancy, power, and delicacy; and, occasionally, with considerable expression. Sometimes, it is true, he plays in a scrambling and uncertain manner, but as this occurred chiefly towards the close of the evening, we attribute it to the overtaxing of his physical energies by the many and various performances he had to go through in the double exhibition of day and night. In several pieces, among others, Thalberg's "Home, sweet home;" a nocturne of Wollenhaupt's; a Reverie, and a transcription of the Hundredth Psalm by Gottschalk, his execution was generally of a high order of finish and correctness, so much so that we believe if all the mountebank elements of his exhibition were discarded, and he were to devote himself for some time under proper professional guidance, to the earnest study of the best pianoforte music, he might take rank as an artist, whereas now he is held up to view rather as an eccentric monstrosity. Whether he would, in the other case, prove so profitable a speculation, is, perhaps, doubtful; the public would probably miss the mirth excited by Tom's absurd phonetic spelling of words pronounced by

his exhibitor, and rendered in so ridiculous a fashion as to seem to us a little like preparation. A more legitimate exhibition is Tom's proclaiming, in their ascending order, the notes of chords or discords struck at random on the piano by one of the audience; this is a complete test of his acute perception not only of the intervals of the scale, but of fixed musical sounds. The assertion that he can play any strange piece of music immediately after hearing it once played by another, was not borne out by the example which we heard. A little lady of nine years from among the audience volunteered to play Oesten's fantasia on the "Blue Bells of Scotland." During the performance, Tom was absorbed in the deepest attention, with one hand held up to each ear as if to aid the transmission of the sounds. On the conclusion of the piece he sat down and played something like the introductory chords, then gave the air very correctly and distinctly; but the variations and final coda were a mere imitation, and frequently very misty both in design and execution. The attempt at such a feat is altogether a mistake, as we doubt whether the highest organization, musical and intellectual, could at all times command such a power. One of his most extraordinary performances consisted in his playing simultaneously an old dance tune with his right hand, an American air with his left hand, while singing a modern ballad. Many tunes may be found, the rhythm of which will fit so as to bear playing together, one forming a good bass or treble to the other; but in this case it was not so, the rhythm and tune of the three subjects chosen being frequently antagonistic. This was a legitimate and successful exhibition of a marvellous power of separate mental action—in itself we should think sufficient to refute the assertion of Blind Tom's idiocy, which, if true, would be fatal to the pretensions of an art for which he indisputably has some special gifts. We trust he will cultivate these still more highly, and will reappear in London under a more artistic and less clap-trap aspect, when we shall have much interest in testing our opinion of the real musical capacity of "Blind Tom."

Mr. Mellon's Concerts still hold their way successfully, with their mixture of good, bad, and indifferent music. Several "classical" nights have been given since the commencement of the series. Among other composers so illustrated have been Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Spohr. On these occasions, the first half of the programme being devoted to a selection from the works of a great master, we have no right to complain of any frivolity that may be included in the second half, since the first part of the concert is worth the price charged for admission to the whole; and those who go for good music and dislike bad can stay until the former ends and the latter begins. What we object to is the indiscriminate mixture generally exhibited by the programmes of the ordinary miscellaneous nights; so that the visitor who goes merely to hear two or three works of real musical art has to endure some intermediate pieces altogether unworthy of such association—sometimes amounting to a hodge-podge of pathos and puerility, sublimity and silliness, and other alliterative antagonisms irreconcilable with true principles of art. Mr. Mellon has exceptional opportunities for guiding public taste, of which it is quite possible to keep somewhat in advance while yet conceding much.

Those excellent entertainments, the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, have run their usual successful course. Last Saturday was devoted to a "Grand German Festival Concert," in aid of the sick and wounded in the late war. The performance was given in the great Handel orchestra, with an enlarged band and increased chorus. The programme might have been made more rigidly in accordance with the professed nationality of the occasion. The name of Gounod should scarcely have been included, even with the excuse of its association with that of Bach in the adaptation of the latter master's prelude. The great operas of Gluck and Meyerbeer do not belong to German music, although their composers were German by birth; while some specimens of Spohr (so thoroughly a German composer) should certainly have been included. The concert, however, in its way, was an attractive one; and had it been less good than it was, is scarcely amenable to criticism, considering its benevolent object, which we trust it has largely aided.

M. A. DE SOLOMÉ completed last week at Osborne a crayon portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, which is shortly to be engraved by Mr. William Holl, and published by Messrs. Griffin & Co., of Portsea.

SCIENCE.

M. STAS has presented a memoir to the Royal Academy of Belgium on the law of chemical proportions, and on atomic weights and their mutual relations, in which he broaches the startling suggestion that Dalton's Atomic theory, known as the law of multiple proportions, long regarded as a demonstrated truth and the corner-stone of chemistry, is not an absolute or mathematical law, but simply a limited law. The position of M. Stas is that the constancy of composition of every combination does not prove that the relations in weight which their elements observe must be maintained absolutely in all the combinations they enter into with other bodies. Thus, the composition of sulphide and sulphate of barium may be constant; but it does not therefore necessarily follow that the relation by weight of sulphur to barium in the sulphide must be absolutely identical with that which these bodies bear to each other in the sulphate of barium. In like manner, the

phenomena presented in certain double decompositions—that is to say, the maintenance of the neutrality of the liquid in which the reaction takes place, a fact which suggested to Wenzel, nearly a century ago, the existence of a law—do not absolutely prove that the same proportions of the alkaline and earthy metals which replace each other in a given quantity of the same acid are the same for all acids.

In a paper on the "Resemblance of Inscriptions found in Ancient British Rocks with those of Central America," presented to the Anthropological Society by Dr. Berthold Seemann, referring to the discovery of ancient British sculptures on the rocks of Northumberland, which have been figured and described by Mr. George Tait in his work on the subject, Dr. Seemann pointed out that thousands of miles away, in a remote corner of tropical America, we find the peculiar concentric rings and several others of the most characteristic of the figures engraved on the British rocks. He had himself discovered and described these sculptured figures. He presented to the society five examples of Veraguas markings, each of which he considered to represent a corresponding figure in the British inscriptions. Both classes of inscriptions also agree in this particular, that they were sculptured on the surfaces of rocks which had not previously been prepared by smoothing. The author concludes by pointing out that, could identity be established between the rocks of Britain and Veraguas, we might legitimately indulge in the speculation that the fabled Atlantis was not a myth, but had an actual existence, connecting in prehistoric times the continents of Europe and America.

Professor Graham, F.R.S., Master of the Mint, has presented a memoir to the Royal Society, "On the Absorption and Dialytic Separation of Gases—first by Colloid Septa, and secondly by Metallic Septa, at a Red Heat," replete with facts of the most interesting and important character. A thin film of caoutchouc, such as is furnished by varnished silk, or the transparent little balloons of india rubber, has no porosity, and is really impervious to air or gas. But the same film is capable of liquefying the individual gases of which air is composed, while oxygen and nitrogen in the liquid form are capable of penetrating the substance of the membrane (as ether or naphtha does); and then evaporating into a vacuum, and appearing as gases. This permeating power of atmospheric air becomes more interesting from the fact that the gases are unequally absorbed and condensed by rubber (oxygen two and a half times more abundantly than nitrogen), and that they permeate through the rubber in the same proportion. Hence the rubber film may be used as a dialytic sieve for atmospheric air, since it evolves 41.6 per cent. of oxygen, instead of only the 20.8 per cent. present in air. The septum keeps back, in fact, one half of the nitrogen, and allows the other half to pass through with all the oxygen. This dialyzed air rekindles wood, burning without flame, and is, in fact, exactly intermediate between air and pure oxygen gas in relation to combustion. One side of the rubber film must be freely exposed to the atmosphere, and the other side be under the influence of a vacuum at the same time. The vacuum may be established within a bag of varnished silk, or in a little balloon, the sides being prevented from collapsing by a thickness of felted carpeting, or filling the cavity with sawdust. For procuring a vacuum in such experiments, the air-exhauster of Dr. Hermann Sprengel is admirably adapted. It possesses the advantage that the gas drawn from the vacuum can be delivered by the instrument into a gas-receiver, placed over water or mercury. In Professor Graham's opinion, the surprising penetration of platinum and iron tubes by hydrogen gas, discovered by MM. H. Sainte-Claire Deville and Troost, is dependent upon a power in the metals to liquefy and absorb hydrogen, possibly in the character of a metallic vapour. Platinum in the form of wire or plate at a low red heat takes up 3.8 volumes of hydrogen measured cold. Palladium foil, from the hammered metal, condenses the extraordinary quantity of 643 times its volume of hydrogen at a temperature under 100° C. The same metal has not the slightest absorbent power for either oxygen or nitrogen; hence, says Professor Graham, a peculiar dialytic action may reside in certain metallic septa, enabling them to separate hydrogen from other gases. In the form of sponge, platinum absorbed 1.48 times its volume of hydrogen, and palladium 90 volumes. The former metal in the condition of platinum-black, takes up several hundred volumes of the same gas. The assumed liquefaction of hydrogen under such circumstances appears to be the primary condition of its oxydation at a low temperature. A repellant property possessed by gaseous molecules appears to resist chemical combination, as well as establishing a limit to their power to enter the minutest pores of solid bodies.

At the sitting of the Academy of Sciences, July 30th, M. Lionnet presented a note "On the Natural and Artificial Production of Crystallized Carbon." Many persons have occupied themselves with endeavouring to produce diamonds by the decomposition of sulphide of carbon. M. Lionnet's plan is as follows:—He takes a sheet of platinum foil, and a sheet of tin foil of rather smaller dimensions, and rolls them together loosely. The roll so made he places in a bath of sulphide of carbon. A feeble electric current, the author says, is then set up, the sulphide of carbon is decomposed, the sulphur combines with the tin, and the carbon gathers in crystals, which fall to the bottom of the vessel. Time is of course required to obtain the formation of large crystals.

Examining the red poppy for morphia, Hesse has discovered a new alkaloid, which he has named Rhoeadine, and which he says is also to be found in good opium. It is soluble in water, alcohol, and ether, crystallizing from the last in white prisms. Ammonia

precipitates it in white crystalline flocculi, bichloride of mercury gives a white amorphous precipitate, and chloride of gold a yellow precipitate. Strong acids decompose it, giving a purple solution. We are promised by the discoverer a description of the process he employs for its production.

Professor Schönbein has discovered that the curious compound, peroxide of hydrogen, which is every day being applied to new uses, and promises to become a most valuable aid both to the philosopher and the manufacturer, may be obtained with great facility by agitating in a large receiver, into which the air has free access, amalgamated zinc, in powder, and distilled water. The oxygen of the air combines with the zinc and water, oxide of zinc and peroxide of hydrogen being formed. The peroxide of hydrogen does not contain a trace of either zinc or mercury, and being quite free from acid it remains for a long time without decomposing.

M. de Coraqua reports to the French Academy that, in districts towards which the winds blow the gaseous matter given off by the eruption of Santorin, inflammations of the eye, bronchitis, and digestive derangements have been frequent; while other districts have not suffered in the same way. Asphodels and plants of the lily tribe generally have been injured. He ascribes the human maladies of indigestion, &c., chiefly to sulphuretted hydrogen, and the vegetable disorders to hydrochloric acid vapours. The ophthalmia is traceable to volcanic dust.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE crowd at the lobby of the Bank of England yesterday morning was hardly less numerous than last week, although, of course, there was nothing like the same cause for interest. Still, the announcement of a further reduction of the Bank-rate to 7 per cent. was received with much satisfaction. It is evident, however, that the great point was gained when the obstinate policy of the Directors of the Bank, in needlessly maintaining 10 per cent., was fairly broken down. This change gave the first impetus to a revival of confidence, and further relaxations in the previous pressure have but a secondary effect. It is probable that the present aspect of monetary affairs will not essentially vary on each successive decline to 6, 5, 4, 3, or even $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Already, it is found that the supply of money is over-abundant, while the commercial bills offered become less and less every day. The crisis has so effectually crippled trade that considerable difficulty is experienced by bankers in utilizing their resources by the discount of legitimate mercantile paper. The usual reaction from the excessive tightness that until lately prevailed is now being felt. Merchants, who a month ago could not obtain accommodation except as a personal favour, and then only to the most niggardly extent, are beset by bill-brokers only too glad to be allowed to negotiate the acceptances they formerly would scarcely look at.

It is singular how rapid these changes always prove. It is little more than a week since the Bank-rate was being kept with inflexible severity at 10 per cent., and that even on those exorbitant terms it virtually monopolized the discount business of the country. Now the applications at that establishment are comparatively few, although some increase of demand was experienced yesterday from persons who had waited for the reduction of the rate. A certain amount of business will always be commanded by the Bank, since there are many old-fashioned houses who will never discount elsewhere, even though they could thereby save as much as 1 or 2 per cent. It is a remarkable proof of the great abundance of money that, notwithstanding a very large amount of Indian paper has fallen due within the last day or two, it has made scarcely any perceptible addition to the general demand for discount. We may remark, *en parenthèse*, that it is in the highest degree creditable to the East-Indian trade that these heavy engagements have been so readily liquidated. After the immense losses in the cotton-market, the collapse from over-speculation in Bombay, and the failure of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, it was generally feared that numerous and important suspensions would result. It is most satisfactory to be able to record that the instances of difficulty have been both few and insignificant.

Whilst the Bank has been enabled through the late crisis to make exceptionally large profits at the cost of the community at large, it has also gained in another way. The best judges of City affairs estimate that perhaps a third or a half of the customers of the failed banks have transferred their drawing accounts to the Bank of England. It is said, and probably with justice, that for some time the new accounts opened there were at the rate of three or four hundred a day. The stockholders may safely calculate upon a very handsome dividend at the general court to be held next month. The present crisis has, in fact, been

almost alone in compelling excessively high rates of interest without at the same time causing heavy losses by bad debts. Hitherto it has been almost invariably the case that the gains realized on the one hand were counterbalanced by outgoings on the other.

This year, however, the commercial suspensions have been fewer than even in the most quiet times. Some large companies have been broken up, but it is most improbable that the Bank can have materially suffered by the stoppage of a Joint-Stock Discount Company, Overend, Gurney, & Co., the Imperial Mercantile Credit Association, or any of the failed banks. As regards the discount companies it is well known that after the crisis of 1857, the Bank made the famous rule of refusing to rediscount the paper held by these establishments, and has firmly maintained it. Even now the belief is entertained in some quarters, erroneously in our opinion, that the Bank by withholding assistance to Overend, Gurney, & Co., was directly instrumental in bringing about its ruin. With reference to the banks, as it has long been customary both for private and public bankers to keep a large portion of their balances at the Bank of England, the probability is that the latter is a debtor instead of a creditor. Ordinary mercantile failures, as we have already said, have been remarkably limited. The contrast between 1857 and 1866 is strikingly shown in this particular.

Of the great joint-stock companies which have been obliged to stop payment, none has excited so much commiseration as the Agra and Masterman's Bank. The shareholders, as a body, were persons who had passed the best years of their lives in the East—had most likely been customers of the bank from the outset of their career, and in too many cases reposed so much confidence in it as to invest the whole of their savings in the shares. The suspension of the concern has, therefore, caused a deplorable amount of ruin. Instances have come within our own knowledge of families hitherto in affluent circumstances being now absolutely penniless. Even those who have other means must suffer severely from the heavy calls which there is reason to fear will be required. It is consequently satisfactory to be able to state that an attempt is being made to save something out of the wreck. The business connection of the bank in the East was old-established and valuable, and it occurred to some of the shareholders that it would be an act of folly to allow it to die out. The directors have taken the matter in hand, and are understood to be in daily consultation whether it will be practicable to resuscitate the concern. It is greatly to be hoped that their exertions will not prove fruitless.

Although there is no hitch in the working of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable, there seems to be some defect in the management. The completion of the line across the Bay of Fundy was apparently unknown to the public, except through the LONDON REVIEW, no general notification being made of it whatever. Again the temporary defect in the Newfoundland line was allowed to originate all sorts of unfavourable rumours to the effect that the Atlantic Cable was broken, and so forth—and a reticence was observed by which no one on earth could benefit, except a few speculators on the Stock Exchange. What could have been more simple than to have given the public a plain statement of the facts? As regards the transmission of news, the Company are in no way to blame. It seems strange, however, that Reuter's Company cannot make some arrangements for keeping the daily papers acquainted with the more important events in the United States. At present, we are left as entirely in the dark as if the cable had never been laid at all.

Business on the Stock Exchange is very quiet, many of the members having left town for the holidays. It is evident, however, that the losses of the last few months have told upon this as well as all other departments of trade, the absentees being less numerous than usual. Prices of most classes of securities are generally firm.

THE report of the Royal Insurance Company for the past year shows the total of net fire premiums as amounting to £414,733, being a considerable advance upon the fire revenue of the preceding year. The new life policies which were granted in the same year amounted to the sum of £886,663. A dividend was declared of 7s. a share, or at the rate of $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the amount of the original shares, leaving the total sum of £178,989 still to the credit of the reserve and profit and loss funds. The life funds were also increased during the year by £103,146.

THE report of the Eagle Insurance Company states that the total income from premiums and interest had been £483,376, and the total outgoing had been £414,790. The difference, £68,585, and the surplus fund contributed by the amalgamated society, viz., £151,545, increased the surplus fund of the company to £899,095.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE REGENCY OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.*

MISS FREER has already given us an admirable picture of the married life of Anne of Austria. The present work, which is devoted to the stormy period of the Queen's Regency, is distinguished by the same qualities which marked its predecessor. It bears evidence of considerable research, and casts much new light, from unpublished sources, upon many important passages in French history. The threads of the complicated intrigues which were carried on by the different great personages, or leading parties, who contended for power during the minority of Louis XIV., are carefully and clearly unravelled. The narrative of their struggles—for the most part purely selfish or factious—is full of animation, and sometimes of dramatic power. Although we cannot always agree with the author in her estimate of character, we readily admit that she gives us a lively and distinct idea of her heroes and heroines, as she conceives them; and although her political judgments are sometimes warped by undue sympathy for the supremacy of the Crown, her views are generally fair and moderate, while she is certainly not open to the charge of keeping back any materials requisite for enabling her readers to form their own opinions.

The leading feature of Anne's character as Regent was love of power. As the wife of Louis XIII. she had more than once shown how selfishly and unscrupulously she could pursue her ends; and her career as the ruler of France during her son's minority was marked by the same indifference to anything but the attainment of her own objects. The lightness and frivolity which marked her youth and early womanhood were no longer visible. Although we cannot discover that her abilities were of a remarkable order, she displayed, on many critical occasions, great tact and dexterity in breaking up adverse, or forming favourable, combinations. Her courage was unflinching; and she had a strength of will which bore her up against all difficulties and opposition, and often sustained her when the more pliant nature of her Minister, Cardinal Mazarin, bent beneath the storm. His Eminence may be called the hero, as the Queen is the heroine, of the book. He is evidently a favourite of the authoress, who is rather too fond of asking our admiration for his statesmanlike qualities. That he was a man of great ability we do not indeed deny. He had a fertile, subtle, and ingenious mind. He was a skilful diplomatist; he had a keen insight into character; he was a cool and wary intriguer, and knew how to gain great influence over those whom he could engage in the toils of a *tête-à-tête* conversation. We can quite understand Richelieu's partiality for him. As a subordinate to that great Minister, he must have been invaluable. But he wanted the unrivalled capacities for action which his master possessed. He had not the dauntless courage, the splendid audacity, the unshaken self-reliance, of his predecessor. Where the one commanded, the other could only try to persuade. And while the one dominated a feeble sovereign, and humbled the most powerful nobility in the world, the other often found strength in the firmer spirit of his royal mistress, and saw the aristocratic factions which Richelieu had crushed once more rise into importance, and convulse France with their struggles. Indeed, as a man of action, Mazarin seems to us far inferior to his opponent, the coadjutor Gondy, better known as the Cardinal de Retz. From Anne, Mazarin received the steadiest and most unflinching support. Various reasons have been assigned for the constancy with which she adhered to her Minister, when she might often have purchased tranquillity by sacrificing him. Scandal was busy with these relations during their lifetime, and it has often been said since that they were even privately married. Miss Freer, however, assures us that there is absolutely no evidence whatever in favour of the latter statement; and although this point may possibly admit of some doubt, it seems to us that she is right in scouting the notion of there having been anything immoral in the connection between the Cardinal and the Queen. But, on the other hand, we think it is clear that the fine manners, the subtle flattery, and the tender gallantry of Mazarin did not entirely fail to touch the heart of Anne. She had a Platonic weakness for him, to say the least. Still, we do not for a moment believe that that was the real cause of her obstinate fidelity to one who was obnoxious to the people as a foreigner, and to the nobility as a pupil of Richelieu. She stood by him because he was her creature; because he represented nothing but the power of the Crown; and because through him neither the princes of the blood, nor the feudal aristocracy, nor the people, could ever hope to exercise influence, or to put a curb upon her own imperious will.

Louis XIII. died on the 14th of May, 1643, leaving Anne of Austria regent—but regent with power so confined that her authority was merely nominal. All parties, however, seem to have felt that such a state of things could never last, and the Queen had therefore no difficulty in getting rid of the restrictions to which she had been subjected by the late King. She had far more difficulty in dealing with the nobles, with whom she had formerly conspired against Richelieu, who had suffered for her sake, and who now expected to reap the reward of their sacrifices. They returned to Court from foreign exile, or from the country seats to which they had been banished, eager for revenge, rapacious of office, greedy

for power. If they could have had their way, they would have restored the old feudal régime, have virtually divided France into semi-independent governments or principalities, and have reduced the power of the Crown to insignificance. This was, however, by no means the wish of the Queen, who was determined in her new position to retain for her son all that Richelieu had gained for his father. Her coldness for her old friends, her partiality for Mazarin, her adherence to the system of government and to the foreign policy which she found in existence when she assumed the reins of power, soon disgusted the noblesse. *Les importants*, as they were called, rapidly became insolent, and began once more to conspire. Emboldened by the support of the princes of the blood, the Queen Regent, after temporizing for a time, imprisoned or banished the leaders, and thus for a time scattered the party. It was, however, soon destined to reappear as La Fronde.

Notwithstanding the brilliant success of the war which France and her allies were then waging against Spain and the house of Austria, the want of money began to be pressingly felt about the year 1647. New schemes of taxation were resorted to, and these naturally caused grave discontent. The Parliament of Paris became the organ of the public feelings. As the highest court of law in the kingdom, it was the duty and right of this august body to register the royal decrees. But they were not a representative or a legislative assembly, nor was there a shadow of a pretence for their claim to discuss and to reject. Although one cannot help a certain sympathy with any attempt to curtail the arbitrary power of the sovereign, it is evident that no permanent good could result from the action of a body like the Parliament. They had no roots in the nation; and, although the nobility might for a time countenance them, nothing could really be further from the wish of the heads of the great houses of France than to admit plebeians to a share in the government of the country. The division of classes in France at this period, and the utter selfishness of the aristocracy, precluded any end but the one which was eventually reached under Louis XIV. However, the claims of the Parliament were supported by the people of Paris, and were stoutly maintained by the sturdy lawyers in defiance of the Court. The arrest of a president of one of the tribunals brought about the famous day of the barricades. In a few hours—

"Twelve hundred and sixty barricades had risen in the capital; they were rapidly built up with barrels filled with earth, logs, flag-stones, heavy beams, old furniture, and paving-stones. In the midst of these formidable erections, a narrow wicket, sufficiently large to admit of the passage of one person, was left, which aperture was defended by chains. The barricades were manned by hundreds of citizens, armed with muskets and pikes, who sallied from their houses at the sound of the tocsin—that well-known signal of sedition. Swarms of the lower kind of rabble clustered on and around the barricades, cheering the citizens. Several of these barricades were twenty feet high. Altogether, a hundred thousand men were under arms to rescue M. Broussel, and to vindicate the authority of the Parliament."

As we read Miss Freer's graphic account of the street fighting, of the general turbulence, of the mob violence which marked this crisis, we cannot help being reminded of similar scenes which long afterwards occurred in the same streets, and which are more familiar to English readers. The end of it was that the Queen had to yield, to give up M. Broussel, and to issue an edict materially diminishing the power of the Crown, both in reference to arbitrary taxation and arbitrary arrests. Peace, however, was by no means established. The excitement in the capital was constantly renewed by the shameful acts of Gondy. Anne was almost reduced to the state of a prisoner in her own palace. Ribald ballads and songs, in which her name and that of Mazarin was coupled together, were sung about the streets, and it was soon plain that war must shortly break out again on one side or the other. Anne took the initiative. The great Condé, who had just returned from the brilliant campaign which resulted in the signature of the Peace of Westphalia, promised to reduce the rebellious city to obedience. Confident on such support, the Queen hastily left the city, while her generalissimo collected his troops. On the other hand, the nobility who had formed the party of *les importants* rushed to the assistance of the city of Paris. Under the name of a struggle for liberty, they saw once more a chance of gratifying their ambition and greed. La Fronde was formed. For some weeks the city held out against the blockade of Condé's forces. But the attempts which the citizens and their noble allies made to raise a force capable of taking the field was absolutely contemptible. The nobles and the members of the Parliament were constantly quarrelling; and their ill-assorted alliance was finally broken up when the latter discovered the existence of a traitorous intrigue between Spain and the leaders of La Fronde. There was no alternative but surrender, which Anne—alarmed by the attitude of Spain—granted on tolerable conditions. For a time there was at least the outward appearance of tranquillity. But Anne soon began to groan under the tyranny of Condé. Great in the field, Condé was great nowhere else. He was infirm of purpose, suspicious and morose in temper, rapacious of power, capricious in the highest degree, and subject to bursts of passion, in which he lost all control over his actions. The Queen at length found her condition so intolerable that she arrested the Prince, confined him, his brother, and brother-in-law in the Castle of Vincennes, and renewed relations with the nobles who were lately in arms against her. The party of Condé—whose arbitrary imprisonment was deeply resented both by the people and the Parliament of Paris—however, proved too powerful to be overborne,

* The Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, Mother of Louis XIV. By Martha Walker Freer, Author of "The Married Life of Anne of Austria," &c. Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

especially as it was now strengthened by the accession of the Duc d'Orleans, the late King's brother. The Queen was ultimately compelled to release the Prince and even to part with Mazarin for a time. She did not, however, thus gain tranquillity. The divisions between the different parties became more bitter than ever, and when the majority of Louis XIV. (in the fourteenth year of his age) was proclaimed on the 6th September, 1651, the kingdom was on the verge of civil war. From the great ceremonial which marked the King's accession, Condé was absent. He was garrisoning his castles and collecting his forces. Here, however, for the present, Miss Freer stops, and we must perforce stop with her. We trust, however, that she does not intend to rest finally from her labours until she has completed the life of Anne of Austria.

THE NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.*

WITH this volume end Dr. Alford's labours in producing a New Testament calculated to enable the mere English reader to catch as closely as possible the spirit and meaning of the Greek original. Whether he has succeeded or not in the attempt, the verdict of public opinion must decide; but, for reasons which we gave in our review of a former volume of the work, we are not confident as to the result. A rare combination of qualities is necessary in him who would successfully undertake and accomplish such a task. He must be a perfect Greek scholar; but that very qualification will sometimes prevent his having a clear conception of the wants of his readers, and make him overload his comments with superfluous matter of but little interest to them. English readers, moreover, are of many kinds, and a New Testament with notes, which is very wholesome intellectual food for one class, may be very indigestible for another which requires the "sincere milk of the Word." For the higher order of English paterfamilias, who daily expounds the Bible to his household, for the proposed new lay diaconate, and for national schoolmasters, a full stream of information in notes, no doubt, is desirable; but for the paterfamilias of the ordinary type, for ladies and other readers of softer mental constitution, the stream must be let on in limited quantities, and the notes should be short, simple, and to the point, and not given unless where absolutely needed. Above all things, it is necessary that the author should not make his notes occasions for a display of his own learning.

Looked at in this point of view, although Dr. Alford's work is likely to be a useful aid to the former class of diligent and more responsible students, it can hardly be a New Testament for English readers of the latter class. The explanations, though in many respects excellent, are encumbered with matter which obscures them, and which such readers neither care for nor can understand. For instance, in his Exposition of Hebrews ii. 1—a verse which really requires to have only one expression explained, viz., "lest at any time we should let them slip"—the Dean parades, by way of elucidation, no less authorities than Aristotle and Plutarch, Theodoret and St. Chrysostom, with Calvin and some modern commentators. What purpose does this serve but to confuse the explanations, and make them heavy reading? And does not the absurdity rise to a climax when the Dean directs the practical paterfamilias, whom he has plied with Aristotle and Plutarch, and who knows as much of Greek as he does of Japanese, to "see other illustrations in my Greek Testament." When the Dean of Canterbury penned these words, he clearly forgot he was writing a "New Testament for English Readers." We have taken the above example just as it turned up on opening the volume. Making another venture with our eyes shut, we light on the 838th page, and find the "English reader," who may be a devout costermonger who has bought Dr. Alford's New Testament, introduced to De Wette, Grotius, Bede, and Huther—celebrities of whom he probably knows as much as he does of the man in the moon. By the turn of another bundle of leaves, on the 999th page we fall in with "the most recent commentator Dusterdieck;" on another page with Delitzsch, and on the one opposite that with Estius. And so it is almost everywhere the book is opened. Now all this may be very good for the critical scholar, and in Dr. Alford's *Greek Testament*; but of what use can it be in one intended for Brown, Jones, and Robinson, practical men, who want Dr. Alford to tell them, as briefly as possible, the meaning of such a word in such a passage of the Authorized Version? In these days, when long-winded explanations are as distasteful as long sermons, and people insist that thought should be expressed with telegraphic brevity, such redundancy is waste of time, of type, and of treasure. The Dean has, in fact, carried too much of the substance and style of the notes to his Greek Testament into this English one, in apparent forgetfulness that he was no longer addressing the critical scholar. This is one of the greatest faults of Dr. Alford's work, for which, however, this much can be said in extenuation—that the same mistake has been made by all expositors who have preceded him. The problem of a New Testament for English readers, in fact, has yet to be solved.

The new translation of the Greek original, printed in parallel columns with the Authorized Version, next claims our attention, being the most interesting part of the work, and containing besides the substance of the Commentary. It is but justice to say that this version has many merits, in virtue of which it must prove a

useful aid to the English reader who is really anxious to understand the New Testament, and is prepared to bestow time and pains on the study. But there are grave defects which should be noticed. The renderings are, with a few exceptions, literally correct; but in very many places, either from too exact a following of the Greek idiom, or from too much importance being attached to the distinctions of the Greek tenses, or from a failure in selecting the best English word, Dr. Alford has produced sentences which grate very harshly on the ear when read beside the Authorized Version. As an instance, we take the passage already referred to (Heb. ii. 1). Dr. Alford clearly shows that the word rendered "let them slip" (*παράρρησεν* in the Greek) should be "let them float past;" and yet his translation of the verse is—"Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest we be diverted from them." It requires but little reflection to see that "to be diverted," which we have marked above in italics, and "to float past" are very different things, and that the thought which was in the Apostle's mind could have been more accurately and more elegantly expressed by saying "lest we drift away from them." In truth, the old translators caught the meaning better than Dean Alford has, when they wrote "let them slip"; for the idea clearly is that of floating past some object that eludes one's grasp, and thus "slips" from him. In the same way is the opening verse of the Epistle spoiled in being rendered—"God, having in many portions and in divers manners spoken in times past," &c. Literally, "in many portions and in divers manners" is a correct translation of *πολυμερῶς καὶ πολυτρόπως*; but how much better it would have been, rendering *μερῶς* by "occasions," and exhibiting the twofold occurrence of *πολύ*, to say—"God, who on many occasions and in many ways." Here again, in our opinion, the old translators struck the true chord when they said—"God who at sundry times and in divers manners." They evidently looked on *μερῶς* as denoting the "times," or "occasions," and not the mere "portions" in which God's utterances were delivered.

We could multiply instances of this kind to weariness, so largely does this version abound in them. We confine ourselves, however, to the following, which is remarkable and rather unhappy, from St. James's Epistle, i. 13. Dr. Alford here renders the words *ὁ γὰρ θεὸς ἀπειραστός ἐστι κακῶν, πειράζει δὲ αὐτὸς οὐδὲνα*, "for God is unversed in evil, and He tempteth no man." The old translators gave it—"God cannot be tempted with evil," &c.; and they were justified in doing so by the manifest play on the word "tempt" which runs through the whole context, as well as by the truth of the assertion itself. But in what sense can it be said that "God is unversed in evil"? We may say of the innocent babe that he is "unversed in evil"; but it is childish, and sounds odd, to apply such words to the Almighty, who, from knowing the secrets of the human heart, is really *versed* in evil, although he is "untempted by evil, and tempts no man." "Unversed," it is true, is one of the senses in which *ἀπειραστός* is used; but it is a meaning which is clearly inadmissible here.

The following (James i. 9—11) is a good example of Dean Alford's success in spoiling a beautiful passage of Scripture by making too much of the distinctions of meaning of the Greek tenses:—

"Let the brother who is low, glory in his exaltation, but the rich in his humiliation: because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun *arose* with its heat, and *dried* up the grass, and the flower thereof *fell off* away, and the beauty of the form of it *perished*: so also shall the rich man wither in his ways."

Let any person first compare this rendering, as to elegance and force, with the authorized; next compare it with the Greek, as to accuracy of translation; and then state his opinion: was it worth while, for the sake of giving the words we have italicized an aorist meaning, to produce such a piece of mongrel English as a substitute for a translation that is really both accurate and elegant? Other instances of the good and elegant rendering of the Authorized Version being unnecessarily spoiled, are neither few nor far between. Take for example Heb. vi. 1, which is thus rendered by Dean Alford:—"Leaving discourse concerning the beginning of Christ, let us go on to perfection." Would not any ordinary reader, who had not been told the meaning of the passage before, be justified in supposing that it was the eternal generation of Christ the Apostle was "discoursing" about? Could we collect from the words that St. Paul really meant to say, "Leaving consideration of the first principles of Christ, or of Christian life, let us go on to perfection?" which is much the same as the old translators expressed. Again, in James i. 8, it was a mistake of Dr. Alford to retain the words "double-minded man" of the Authorized Version, and not say, "a man divided between two motives is unstable in all his ways," which is clearly the thing intended. Then, as to James i. 26, it is strange that, after having been so exact about the aorists in the 11th verse, he should here neglect the force of the participles, and not translate the passage—"If any man among you, not bridling his tongue, but deceiving his heart, thinketh he is religious," which is really an improvement on the Authorized Version.

But strangest of all is Dean Alford's adherence to the opinion that *διαθήκη* is correctly rendered "testament" in six verses (15—20) of the ninth chapter of Hebrews, although everywhere else in that epistle it clearly bears the sense of "covenant." We do not except Hebrews vii. 22, where "testament" is also used; for that is part of one and the same mistake, as is evident from what the Dean says of the connection between this verse and those in the ninth chapter, that the Apostle "is speaking there of

* The New Testament for English Readers. By Henry Alford, D.D. Vol. II. Part II.—The Epistle to the Hebrews, the Catholic Epistles, and the Revelation. London: Rivingtons. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

the same thing as here." Now, looking at the matter in a plain way, it is really incredible that a word on which the main argument of the epistle is based, occurring seventeen times in it, and which, in all the places where it is used, both before and after Hebrews ix. 15—20, carries the meaning of "covenant," should here, at a critical point of the reasoning, make a sudden bound to a very different one. This is incredible; but it becomes altogether inadmissible when we find that one of the places, the 20th verse, in which "testament" is fastened on διαθήκη is a quotation from Moses (Exodus xxiv. 8), in which the legislator clearly spoke of a covenant:—"Behold the blood of the covenant which the Lord hath made with you," &c. So untenable has the opinion become that Dr. Bloomfield opposed it in his Greek Testament, and the weight of modern authority is altogether on his side. This expositor alleges that "the sense formerly ascribed to διαθήκη, testament, is now generally rejected as involving something like an absurdity." "This, indeed," he says, "is so plain that no expositors of any note now contend for the sense testament throughout the passage." How the subordinate clauses are to be rendered it may be no easy task to determine; but, whatever these renderings are to be, they must be consistent with the notion of a covenant. The great difficulty is in the sixteenth verse—ὅπου γὰρ διαθήκη, θάνατον ἀνάγκη φέρεσθαι τοῦ διαθεμένου. It has been supposed that the last word here must denote a testator, but that is a pure afterthought, a refuge to which the translators had recourse when they could not bring the term into harmony with covenant. The points of antithesis, as Bishop Bloomfield observed, fall on the words διαθήκη and διαθεμένου; and since the former is certainly a covenant, the latter must be something connected with the usual forms of ratifying covenants. In our opinion, there is but one consistent explanation to be given of the term, namely, that it denotes the victim sacrificed, whose death is necessary to the ratification of the compact. High authorities can be adduced in favour of such an interpretation, and it falls in perfectly with the words that follow—διαθήκη γὰρ ἐπὶ νεκροῖς βέβαια, where νεκροῖς clearly denotes the bodies of the slain victims. Further we here cannot enter into the question. As to his new translation, Dr. Alford may be right in retaining "testament," so long as the difficulties as to other parts of the passage remain unsolved; but in his notes, at least, he should have stated more fully the views of those who are for rejecting that word.

THE MARCHESA GIULIA FALLETTI.*

SILVIO PELLICO, the author of this "Life of the Marchesa Giulia Falletti," was one of those Italian patriots who, about 1820, constituted the body of revolutionists called "Carbonari," and resisted, though unsuccessfully, the usurpation of the Austrians in Lombardo-Venetia. He was arrested by the authorities, confined in several dungeons, and not released until 1830. Even in England he is extensively known as the author of "Le Mie Prigioni" (My Prisons)—a touching account of his long captivity—and as a conscientious politician who devoted himself to the cause of his native land in the darkest days of Italy's suffering. Dying in 1854, he did not live long enough to see the beginning of the end; but he was one of the pioneers of those more successful movements which since then have resulted in the freedom and unity of a country which has done so much for the civilization of Europe, and hitherto so little for itself. That he would ever have effected any great results in the political world is doubtful; for he seems to have been a weak though an exceedingly amiable character, and he was too closely allied with "the Church" in his religious views to have harmonized with recent movements in Italy. Nevertheless, he was a man who will always be respected by his countrymen as a sufferer in the cause of opposition to the Austrians. In the volume which Lady Georgiana Fullerton has translated, Silvio Pellico touches but slightly on politics, but devotes himself to chronicling the benevolent deeds of a kind-hearted and self-sacrificing lady, the Marchesa Giulia Falletti. He was for several years very intimate with the Marchioness, whom he served as her secretary, and in whose house he died; and he drew up his memoir from time to time, intending the notes which he thus produced to be used at a future period as materials for a more elaborate work by some other hand. His tribute to the virtues of the Marchioness was published thirty days after the death of the latter, and is now presented in an English dress by Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

The Marchesa, though the wife of an Italian, was a Frenchwoman. Mademoiselle Julia Victoria Frances Colbert was the daughter of the Marquis Edouard de Maulévrier, who had the honour to be a lineal descendant of the great Colbert. She was born on the 27th of June, 1785, in the old castle of Maulévrier, in La Vendée. The Marquis, her father, was a staunch loyalist, who in the days of the Republic was obliged to emigrate, returning to France, however, after the establishment of the Empire by Napoleon. Though tolerated by the Government of the great military chief, he never forsook the cause of the Bourbons, and Julia was brought up in all the traditions of the old régime. She married the Marchese Tancredi Falletti di Barolo, a nobleman of Piedmont, which at that time formed part of the French Empire. The marriage being a childless one seems to have turned the

thoughts of both husband and wife to works of charity and religion, and they became known throughout their neighbourhood for the kindness with which they relieved the necessities of the deserving poor. A rather striking circumstance first drew the attention of the Marchesa to the condition of criminals in prison. One day in Easter week, she fell in with a procession coming out of the church of St. Augustine, in Turin. The sacrament was being carried to a sick person; and while the Marchesa was on her knees during the chanting, she heard a voice from some shut-up place behind her, exclaiming, "It is not the Viaticum, but soup, I want!" Turning round, she discovered that the words proceeded from one of the grated windows of the senatorial prison. She obtained leave to enter the confines, with the intention of bestowing an alms on the speaker, thinking that his irreverence proceeded from simple hunger. The prisoner, however, continues the account given by Silvio Pellico, "was not hungry, but only irreligious. There were several others shut with him in the same dark and noisome room. They were all laughing, singing, screaming, and more like wild beasts than human beings. When she came near them, they seemed, however, somewhat abashed, and with a kind of respect restrained their vociferations, and received in silence the alms she gave them, without clamouring, as usual, for more." Having gone through the men's prison, she visited that part of the building where the women were confined. The sanitary arrangements here were very bad; the cells ill-lighted and ill-ventilated, the prisoners clothed in rags, and the entire arrangements marked by an utter want of supervision, leading to a species of anarchy. The money which the Marchioness gave to those wretched women was fought for savagely, as the possession of a bone would be contested by hungry dogs; and the kind-hearted visitor returned to her home with a heavy spirit. She expressed a desire to visit the prison again; but it would seem that at first her husband objected, and not unnaturally, on the score of such an undertaking being perilous to her health. For awhile she submitted; but, subsequently, on the advice of her confessor, she paid a second visit secretly, resolving to inform her family of the fact afterwards, and, if they still persisted in their opposition, to give up the plan altogether. She joined the Confraternity of Mercy, and, after some difficulty, obtained permission to be locked up with the female prisoners, in order that she might bring to bear upon them the moral and religious influences by which she hoped at once to ameliorate their condition and to reform their natures.

"She then sat down amongst the poor creatures, and they seemed a little touched at her accepting this condition. Each prisoner hastened to declare that she had not for her part committed any fault, but was the victim of a false accusation. The Marchesa professed not to wish to hear anything on that point, and to be ready to take their innocence for granted, having no desire (she said) but to soften their sorrows and comfort them as well as she could. They asked if she would give them money. She promised clothes to those who would be docile and behave well, and added a few words about resignation and the Divine consolations promised to the afflicted. 'O, she is come to preach,' some of them exclaimed, and, going away, began to sing as loudly as they could to drown her voice. She withdrew with those who remained into an adjacent room which was used as an infirmary, and closed the door. After a while, the singers got tired of shouting and screaming; curiosity induced them to open the door and to listen. She told them she did not wish to interfere with their singing; that she quite understood that they must be in want of recreation, but that she hoped they might by degrees find out that there were other and better ways of raising their spirits than by noisy vociferations. The first day she employed in conversing with them and bestowing some comforts on the sick. The care she took always to speak in a low voice and a quiet manner gradually established greater silence. The most certain way of obtaining a hearing from persons in the habit of screaming is to lower one's own voice rather than to try to raise it above theirs.

"Sometimes the Marchesa was detained in the prison longer than she had intended. The keepers, whom she requested to let her out at a particular hour, often pretended to forget the time, in order to induce her by this annoyance to give up her visits. But she persevered, saying with the Apostle, 'I can do everything through Him who strengthens me.' They persisted in making her wait beyond the moment fixed for her departure, and though the heat in that place was overpowering, she never showed the prisoners any other feeling but that of one of pleasure in prolonging her stay amongst them. But she took care, however, not to be detained beyond the time when her domestic duties claimed her presence at home. An old servant used to call for her."

Having spent three or four successive days secretly in the prison, she told her friends what she had done, and asked them whether she was in any respect the worse. They could not say that she was, and permitted her to continue her visits. Thenceforward she devoted her time to the tuition of the female prisoners, and her patience, kindness, firmness, and good example appear to have had an admirable effect in softening the rough and brutalized natures of those by whom she was surrounded. Many of the women became exceedingly attached to her, and after a time materially aided in the work of conversion and tuition. She also communicated with the authorities, and caused the introduction into the prison of various reforms. She seems, indeed, to have been a worthy counterpart of our own Mrs. Fry, and other admirable women of the same philanthropic character. From the senatorial prison she extended her labours to other gaols, everywhere bestowing not merely money, but care and attention. The results appear to have been of the happiest kind, and, however much we may disagree with the Marchesa's extreme Roman Catholicism, it would be the

* The Life of the Marchesa Giulia Falletti di Barolo: Reformer of the Turin Prisons. By Silvio Pellico, Author of "Le Mie Prigioni." From the Original by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. London: Bentley.

grossest and the poorest bigotry to deny either the admirable nature of her motives, or the excellent effect of her ministrations among the depraved inmates of the Turin prisons. She acted with the utmost courage and benevolence also during the dreadful outbreak of cholera in Piedmont in the year 1835. Both she and Pellico, however, were ultra Papists, and we could certainly well spare a little of the overflowing pietism of tone apparent throughout this volume. In the face of so much obvious sincerity, it is impossible to make any serious objection; but the manner at times—and that rather frequently—has somewhat the effect of cant. We impute this, however, to the mere habit of using religious language on all occasions, and not to any conscious desire to produce an effect. The Marchesa was in truth a Legitimist and Ultramontanist of the most confirmed kind, and nothing can be more lamentable than the political and religious meditations (mixed, we cannot but think, with a little personal vanity, as where she writes, "I am a Christian and a Vendéan, and nothing shall move me an inch from what I consider to be my post") contained in the extracts from her letters at the end of this Memoir. "I am aware," she writes, "that the liberties of the Gallican Church warrant resistance to the decrees of the Index; at least, so several Frenchmen have told me; but, for my part, I look upon those liberties as an infringement of the fourth Commandment" (the fifth in our version). "The Church is our mother, and we should respect all her decisions. *I love submission.* It gives strength to my weakness." Such a person may, by virtue of a noble nature, be an admirable philanthropist; but she is clearly a very bad politician.

The Marchioness, after establishing several charitable and religious institutions, and making herself universally beloved, died on the 20th of January, 1864, in the seventy-ninth year of her age. She had long been a widow, and, like most old people, had survived the friends of her youth and of her middle life.

NEW NOVELS.*

"MIRK ABBEY" disappoints us; it is not equal to either of the novels which preceded it from the same pen. Writers like the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd" and "The Clyffords of Clyffe," who have rapidly acquired popularity, are continually haunted by the fear of losing the places they have won; we can fancy them turning their eyes towards their study-walls in the fear that they may find the terrific words "Out of sight out of mind" written there in letters of fiery warning. To the popular novelist, anxious for the maintenance of his reputation, the homely proverb which exhorts the prudent to "make hay while the sun shines" becomes apparently an injunction as forcible as a Median law, and unfortunately, in a large number of instances, sets him hay-making quite independently of the condition of the grass. In the present case it was not half ready for the literary scythe. Plainly speaking, "Mirk Abbey" is a work only half designed—a sort of sketch which the author has hastily elaborated, until he has given it something of the appearance of a finished picture, but in which none of the original crudities of drawing and composition have been rectified. The central idea of the story is by no means a bad one, though it turns upon the well-worn pivot of bigamy; but the author's method of handling it displays singular want of purpose. The lineaments of three out of four of his main characters are those of persons obviously intended to do ill deeds; but they are made to do and say the very reverse of what is required to make them self-consistent. All through the book, these darkly-suggestive persons seem to be on the point of doing something of a sensational nature, but they never do anything of the sort—as if their author were never able to "screw his courage to the sticking-place." The most promising character, from whom the reader is led to expect something very terrible will come—a ruffian of the loudest tongue and wildest brandy-drinking capacity—turns out to be as mild and sentimental a dummy as ever did duty as "the dying brigand" in a wax-work show. Mrs. Jarley would have blushed to exhibit such a limp impostor. This person's name is Ralph Gavestone. Years before the opening of the story, when a rough, reckless coastman, he had married a young peasant girl while a charge of poaching with violence was hanging over him. To escape the toils of the law, he and his young wife set sail for America, but the ship in which they took their passage was wrecked. Both were saved, but each supposed the other to have been drowned. The husband found his way to California, and the wife, believing herself a widow, married an amiable baronet who had fallen in love with her. Thirty years pass; "my lady" has two grown-up sons, and her husband, the amiable baronet, has long been in his grave, when, one Christmas-eve, the voice of a man singing with other men a Christmas carol under the window of "my lady's" chamber, startles her exceedingly. The voice is that of one Derrick, she is told; but her suspicion, and that of the reader, suggests the true state of the case: Derrick is Ralph Gavestone. A subsequent meeting of the two over the grave of the late amiable baronet puts the matter

beyond doubt, and leaves the lady in a very uncomfortable state of mind with regard to her position and that of her sons. Then Derrick finds out that his wife was not drowned, but lived to commit bigamy. Whereupon he storms very much in the fashion of Ancient Pistol, vows dreadful vows of vengeance, goes one night to "my lady's" house to expose her, gets drunk, and, on his way nowhere in particular, is caught by the sail of a windmill, and so badly mauled that, after lingering long enough to give his wife the opportunity of assuming the disguise of a Frenchwoman, and of waiting upon him with equal sentimentality and improbability, he dies, his last words to her being:—"The prayers of a man like me may avail nothing, Lucy, but at least they can do no harm. God bless Sir Richard—yes, yes! God bless Master Walter's handsome face! God bless Miss Letty! That's what I said on Christmas-eve with Steve and the rest of them, not knowing whom I spoke of, and I say it now, for are they not my Lucy's dear ones? God bless you, my dear wife! Kiss—kiss." A sweet ending for Ancient Pistol to have made! Her lawful husband's living identity established, of course "my lady" has no further claim to the advantages of her title and position; but matters have been so managed that, with the exception of a confidential serving-woman and a friendly and not too scrupulous doctor, her secret is in her own keeping. A "certain venial imposition" has to be resorted to. "Dear lady," says the doctor, "if any human being could be bettered by the disclosure you hint at, or any human being was wronged by your reticence, I should be the first to say, 'Tell all'; but, as things stand, it would, in my opinion, not only be Quixotic, but downright madness, to disturb that woeful secret which lies buried in Ralph Gavestone's grave." He adds, with a delicate perception of the fitness of things:—"My difficulty lies in permitting a person of title more than there need be in this misgoverned country. If the Lisgards had a peerage in their family, I should think it my duty to explode the whole concern. But I don't suppose one baronet more than there is any necessity to suffer, *can do much harm.*" So, says the author, "Sir Richard Lisgard, little dreaming upon how unsatisfactory a tenure it is held, keeps his title unmolested; and 'My lady' (Heaven bless her!) is still the honoured mistress of Mirk Abbey." We doubt whether the Jesuistry of all this will command the approval of many readers; we are quite sure that it is not worthy of the writer—whose book, if we are not greatly deceived, will provoke a feeling of disappointment in all who in reading it remember the greatly superior quality of his previous work.

Just a year ago, we gave a word of praise and encouragement to the author of the "Heiress of Blackburnfoot;" we are now glad to say that the promise which we then discovered in her work has been handsomely fulfilled in the two volumes entitled "A Life's Love." The great fault in the former work was the gratuitous "piling of the agony," as we pointed out; no such objection is to be found with the present novel, the pathos of which is both delicate and free from exaggeration. The scene is laid in Glasgow, and the period of the story is just previous to that of the American War of Independence, when there were "tobacco lords" in Glasgow, as there have more recently been "cotton lords" in Manchester. The chief characters belong to two families—the Ramseys and the Macfarlanes; the one tobacco merchants, the other retail mercers; the former looking down grandly upon the latter. The heroine is a young lady, an heiress, named Erskine, who is engaged to Angus Ramsey, but at the same time is beloved by John Macfarlane, the mercer's son. It is the life-long constancy of this young man's love, never requited, from which the title of the story is derived. Angus Ramsey has entered the army, and, instead of marrying Miss Erskine, has fallen in love with Violet Macfarlane, with whom he elopes. In the sufferings of this young wife—for she finds that her husband is a scamp—the strongest interest of the story will be found. The Ramseys fall from their high estate, and the Macfarlanes rise in fortune. Miss Erskine is drowned, and her unaccepted lover—though he marries—holds to her memory with "A Life's Love." Throughout, the writing is marked by grace and power; the characters are real human beings, and command a healthy sympathy; and the story is sufficiently interesting to attract the reader's attention, and to satisfy it.

Mr. Frederick Sheridan, the author of "Shot! or the Ghost's Seat at Drymont," takes his time about his work. If we remember rightly, it is upwards of a year since his "Cecil Forrester" was given to the public. Indeed, from a statement made in the course of the present work, it appears that the story was designed, if not executed, many years ago. Upon the whole, it does not exhibit any striking advance. The plot is extremely melodramatic, and not in the least new. As the reader might expect from the explosive character of the title, murder plays a part in the story, which is not wanting in ingenuity of construction. A couple of hours may be worse spent than in galloping through the two volumes to which Mr. Sheridan has modestly and judiciously limited his narrative.

Many years ago, "Lord B m" made something of a hit with his novel of "Masters and Workmen;" he has not been equally fortunate with the work more recently produced. "Uncle Armstrong" will not bring him any great accession of popularity. It by no means lacks cleverness, but it is terribly long winded; one volume, at least, out of the three, might have been pared from it with advantage. The central incident is that of a rich old fellow being held in a sort of durance by a family of genteel rogues, who rob him under pretence of serving him, and go to great lengths for the purpose of isolating him from his relatives. We will only hint that the evil-doers are not permitted to triumph

* Mirk Abbey. By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. Three vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

A Life's Love. By the Author of "The Heiress of Blackburnfoot." Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Shot! or, The Ghost's Seat at Drymont. By Frederick Sheridan. Two vols. London: Newby.

Uncle Armstrong. By Lord B—m. Three vols. London: Newby.

Silas the Conjuror: His Travels and Perils. By James Greenwood. London: S. O. Beeton.

in their wickedness, and that virtue is properly rewarded with an acceptable share of rich "Uncle Armstrong's" worldly goods and possessions. Without being what we can call a "good novel," "Lord B . . . m's" latest book is certainly a long way from being the worst that will be "strongly recommended" over the counters of the circulating libraries by the sea-side this vacation time.

"Silas the Conjuror" is a book for boys, and not one of the best of its kind. Mr. James Greenwood writes with a facility fatal to the character of many of his books. He gives himself no time to compose. Starting with an idea, frequently a good one, he sets to work to make a book, without pausing to consider the best mode of accomplishing the end determined on. Usually he writes twice as much as he would write if he worked with greater carefulness. After he had written five chapters, filling fifty-two pages of his present volume, it appears to have crossed his mind that some of his readers might think it was time for him to begin his story; therefore, at the opening of his sixth chapter, which is entitled, "Launched at last," he says dashing:—"Taking example from all French and some few English storywriters, we might have launched some considerable time ago." Then he goes on to say: "It may be objected that it is altogether unseamanlike to completely rig and fit your craft before you know whether she will float; and this is very true." Very true, indeed; but what is the use of the knowledge, if it is not to be applied? There is plenty of good matter in "Silas the Conjuror." As a whole, however, the book is a failure, from the want of design which characterizes it. The kingdom of Dahomey is capital ground on which to build a boy's story; it is a thousand pities Mr. Greenwood has not made more of it.

EARLY POPULAR POETRY OF ENGLAND.*

TRASH is one of the real difficulties of the head of a great library. He is constantly encumbered by books and pamphlets which he considers worthless, but which at some future time may prove to be valuable. What would not a Macaulay give for the most feeble domestic novel of English life in the twelfth century? A bad edition of a classic may preserve some readings of a lost manuscript. Thus, if our imaginary librarian had leave to disembarass himself of all the useless books he specially hated, he would scarcely know where to begin. Some such feeling as this leads collectors to heap together every relic of old literature, even when seemingly worthless, with the idea that thus possibly a precious fragment of antiquity may be preserved. The latest rage of this kind has been for the collection and publication of early English literature, of which many valuable remains have thus been brought to light, although the so-called selection has often been so promiscuous that we cannot help asking whether some of the manuscripts might not have been as well left in their old oblivion. This idea must strike any one who is not a blind partizan of whatever is old for the mere sake of antiquity, as he puts down the four volumes of early English "poetry" collected by Mr. Hazlitt. Here is the labour of a most painstaking editor who has been well through the field; and what is the result? In the whole fifty-seven pieces, probably "The Nut-brown Maid" is the only poem in a strict sense. "The Squire of Low Degree," "The Battle of Agincourt," and still more our old friend "Adam Bell," are ballad pieces of some merit, though properly the first is rather a metrical romance. Some few other poems are worthy of a careful reading. This can scarcely be said of the travesties of stories of enchantment, which read like a poor burlesque of the poorest tales in "The Thousand and One Nights." There are a few religious poems that are not devoid of merit, in matter if not in style. Then come the satires on the follies of the Tudor fashionables, for which we admit that we care very little. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," has told us much better the story of that epidemic of vanity. These poems have really no interest but as showing that the less wit there is in satire the more coarseness; and Tudor coarseness, unrelieved by wit, is the dreariest reading possible. So much for our disappointment. It is pleasanter to speak of the merits of the editor, who has done his best to present these uncouth old Englishmen's writings in an accurate and intelligible form.

The ballad of "Adam Bell" is the best in the collection. We suppose "Chevy Chase" is excluded as a border ballad; but, had it been here, it would not have weakened our interest in its more homely neighbour. It is, indeed, precisely to this quality of homeliness that the interest of "Adam Bell" is due. As "Chevy Chase" was to Sir Philip Sidney, "Adam Bell" must have been to the yeoman of the age when the outlaw had not yet degenerated into the poacher. And it is a delightful ballad. The interest is thoroughly sustained, and you never doubt that you are right in giving your sympathy to the interesting outlaws, whose reform at the end leaves you thoroughly satisfied. A correct text of so good a ballad is a valuable acquisition, and any one who compares Mr. Hazlitt's with the common form of the poem, Ritson's, can see how much it gains both in clearness and character. Ritson's text is not always intelligible; but it is made far more faulty by the addition of clumsy modernisms, which have found their way in through ignorance, want of care, or editorial conceit, and which give the ballad almost an air of spuriousness. Thus, for—

"Up she rose, and forth she goes,"

Mr. Hazlitt reads—

"Up she rose, and walked full styl."

For—

"Under the shadowes grene;"

For—

"Under the shadowes shene."

"All in the mornynge tide;"

"In a fayre mornynge tyde."

The touches thus gained restore the true air of antiquity.

"The Knight of Curtesy" and "The Fair Lady of Faguell" is a chivalric ballad, which, were it not for the very painful catastrophe, might enjoy modern popularity. "The Battle of Agincourt" is an historical ballad, the only one in the collection. Some of the earlier verses make one expect a worthy description of this great English victory; but when we come to the actual account of the action, we find but a few lines, as if the most important part of the poem had dropped out. It is almost like Macaulay's "Armada," a fine prologue to a drama never written, and, like Macaulay, the writer, had it not been for some caprice, would have described the event as well as he did what led to it.

Besides the ballads, there are some political pieces that deserve study. Complaints of bad government were natural enough under Henry VIII. The long Wars of the Roses had left the country exhausted; the avarice of Henry VII. and waste of Henry VIII. must have further impoverished it; and the growing mistrust of the clergy must have added to the national discontent. Probably, one of the most curious instances of this feeling is the versification of a passage in Sir John Mandeville's travels, describing an interview with the Sultan of Egypt, in which that Mohammedan sovereign let his English guest know what report he had from his emissaries of the bad government and worse manners of Christian States, and told him it was for these evils that the Mohammedans were allowed to rule States once belonging to the Christians. The object of the versifier, who wished to popularise this curious episode, was like Swift's when he makes the Brobdingnag sovereign ridicule the political condition of England as described to him by Gulliver; and it might be thought that Sir John Mandeville himself, by a kind of patriotic fraud, invented the story as a warning to Christian potentates. It is, however, rather curious that the Sultan who entertained Mandeville was a sort of Eastern political Ulysses, whose chequered reign was distinguished by great persecutions of the Christians in whose favour he exerted himself with little success.

The attacks on the Roman Church are not deficient in shrewdness, but show little polish. The other side does not seem to have been as strong in defence, if we may judge from the one instance—"The Pore Helpe"—here printed. The satires on dress are chiefly interesting to historians, who, however, will certainly gain more for their purpose from the prose writings of the same age. Their chief merit lies in their titles. "Pleasant Quippes for upstart newfangled Gentlewomen" has an attractive sound, but it leads to nothing but a coarse tirade. Like all the rest of the class, it is directed wholly against women, whereas men were quite as outrageous in their dress, and, to our modern thinking, far less excusably. There is a certain curiosity in the identity of some of the Elizabethan extravagances with our own, as though follies, like comets, returned in fixed cycles; but it is equally apparent in the far more agreeable pictures of our beruffed and more than crinolined ancestors. The general impression these satires leave on our mind is not a very pleasant one of the manners of the fine old English gentleman who, the reader may remember, was a courtier of the English-hearted but not very refined last of the Tudors.

As we do not like the matter of these pages, taken as a whole, we are unwilling to say much by way of criticism of the manner of their editing. But we must complain of accuracy carried to the pitch of writing "Much Adoe about Nothing." It is probably necessary to copy all the misspelling of your ancient writer; but to go the length of citing the old Shakespearian titles is putting too fine a point upon it. We expect to see Mr. Hazlitt in Lincoln's-Inn-fields in a sad coloured doublet discoursing pleasantly with certain grave clerks concerning late disturbances brought about by lewd persons contumaciously setting themselves up against the Queen's Council.

The work reminds us of another play of Shakespeare's—"Love's Labour Lost." It is a pity to see so much learned pains bestowed upon unworthy materials. If Mr. Hazlitt had chosen the six or eight good pieces in the work, and made one volume of them, it would have been welcome; but this raking together of all the popular rubbish of three or four hundred years ago is a mistake. There are good English books badly edited, or not to be had in handy editions. What is more, there are whole fields of literature unknown to English readers which so thorough a student could easily attempt. One would think that there was nothing left in print or manuscript but the refuse of English literature, if indeed much of it is literature in any true sense of the term. We are still in want of an English grammar and dictionary, which any one of these "learned and painful" editors could do better than it has yet been done, though but one living scholar could really accomplish such a labour to our satisfaction; we need scarcely name the first editor of "Syr Gawayne."

* Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England. Collected and Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by W. Carew Hazlitt. London: J. R. Smith.

AN ESSAYIST AMONG THE SPINDLES.*

THESE two volumes contain eighteen essays, the earliest of them dating as far back as the year 1848. They appeared originally in *Fraser's Magazine*, and it is a pity they were not suffered to remain in decent obscurity. They range over a dreary monotony of subjects, unrelieved by any grace of style, though here and there some characteristic incident or an "Old Joe" in a new dress may serve to keep the reader's attention awake. Nothing is so easy as to write a modern essay. With a few quotations (which need not be new), and a few anecdotes (which need not be true), a young writer may sit down and scribble page after page of diluted stuff, which maiden aunts may take for profound wisdom, and kindly editors may admit as serviceable "padding" into their columns. As "padding," its slipshod style and inanity of thought may be excellent qualities; but to print such an essay is a misdemeanour, over which the critical world is far too indulgent. The "Manchester Man's" essays are no worse than many others, but they are no better. That they were written in "over-hours, as a mental recreation in the midst of more severe and distracting duties," is a plea *ad misericordiam* which ought not to be admitted: as well admit the excuse of the frail damsel, who pleaded, in mitigation of her pastor's censure, that "the baby was such a small one." If the essays are bad, no excuses can make them good. It is very possible that, if these essays had been read singly, at the rate of one a year, our opinion of them might not have been so severe; but to have the same thoughts, clothed in the same words, continually recurring over 700 pages, is a trial of patience under which even the patriarch of Uz might have failed.

But an educated man can hardly write two volumes without saying something here and there to redeem the general dullness of the mass. We accordingly acknowledge to have read with much pleasure the Manchester Man's descriptions of the Lancashire operatives, and the way they live. He paints them as he saw them, with all their roughness—their virtues are rough as well as their manners; and, though a Tory, he is not afraid of giving them a £7 qualification, though he says they do not want it or ask for it, and would be none the better off when they got it. That is not the question; the question is—Is it right or even expedient to deny a privilege (if you like so to call it) to a large body of men who are quite as well fitted to make a good use of it as those who already possess it? If they should have it, give it them, whether they ask for it or not. The essayist says that there is "a strong and wide-spread feeling of Conservatism" in Manchester, and that if vote by ballot and universal suffrage were part of our constitution, that city might return two Conservative members. We do not go so far as that, but we believe there is a Conservative power in the ballot which would astonish its supporters quite as much as its opponents. The steady working-man, with his neatly-furnished cottage and his little nest-egg in the savings bank, is much more Conservative than the chandler round the corner with whom he deals. He hopes to increase his little store from year to year—to rise to be a mill-owner, a manufacturer; who can say where his aspirations stop? He knows how all these commercial princes of Manchester rose from small beginnings, and why should not he rise too? But he knows also that political agitation will not help him; it will not improve business, but check it rather, and if he had a vote he would vote accordingly. These are not mere speculations; we speak from actual knowledge. But whether the same result might be expected to any great extent in non-manufacturing towns and in rural districts is quite another matter, because other influences come into play. The Conservative tendencies of wealth are very pointedly shown in the migration that is continually going on from the dissenting chapel to the church. The old folks who have achieved their fortune may be too old to change; but the young ones become "Establishmentarians" because it is "respectable" to be so. Be that as it may, it is an indisputable fact that the churches in Manchester have about doubled in number during the last fifteen years.

Although our clerical essayist is a weak political reformer, he is a Radical in the changes he would work in the Church. He would stir up the Ecclesiastical Commissioners—and much they need it; he would have more clergy, and see them better paid; he would have them more learned, and recruit them from a better class. There is, indeed, a great falling off in the numbers applying for ordination, and those who do apply are of a lower grade in learning and social position than those who went before them. Some ascribe this decrease to the divisions in the Church, others to the bonds imposed upon the young clerics; but it is very clear that no man of any brains or spirit would enter the Church unaided by private patronage, when there are so many careers open before him. To get good men you must give good pay, and that would easily be procured were there a greater equalization of incomes. It might not, perhaps, do to reduce them to one dead level, for a spirit of gambling is innate in man, and he hopes to win some of the large prizes. But, if society cannot be made moral by law, our Manchester essayist contends that it need not be made immoral by law, and he would regulate beer-shops and public-houses and Sunday trading, not sparing even the West-end club. He says that the enactments in our Statute-book relating to dram-shops, beer-houses, gin-palaces, casinos, and singing-saloons, will, fifty years hence, "be looked back upon as we now regard those which sanctioned bull-baiting and other brutalities." Perhaps so; but

* Free Thoughts on Many Subjects. By a Manchester Man. Two vols. London: Longmans & Co.

people must be amused, and they are amused more innocently, or we will say less mischievously, in a crowded casino or music-hall than they would be in places where the company was smaller. It is a curious fact that the collective moral tone of a crowd is higher than the moral tone of, probably, every individual, certainly of the majority of individuals composing it. Young mill-hands soon weary of evening classes and mutual improvement societies; they want relief and change as much as their betters, and why should they not have it? Down with the gin-palace by all means, but something must be put in its place, or you only expel one devil to make room for seven others worse than the first.

GERMAN LITERATURE.*

It is a characteristic feature in the intellectual activity of Germany that, whilst the lives of her poets have been fully described by her literary historians, so that even insignificant incidents in their careers have been chronicled, her artists have been so much neglected that a satisfactory biography of her second-best painter was, until quite recently, left unwritten. Herr Ulrich Hegner published about forty years ago a tolerably comprehensive work on Hans Holbein; but he was by no means fully up to the mark, and the state of art criticism in those days was such that, even with a greater aptitude for his task, his production would at the present moment be obsolete. We therefore doubly welcome the appearance of Dr. Woltmann's publication on the same subject, a thorough acquaintance with which he had previously evinced in the text furnished by him to the splendidly got-up "Holbein-Album" published some time ago. The latter belongs to a series of photographic albums in which the well-known artistic firm of Gustav Schauer has brought before the public the works of the first masters. Dr. Woltmann's text to Holbein's masterpieces differs very favourably from that which usually accompanies similar illustrations. His remarks have a literary merit of their own, and give fair promise of that more elaborate work in which he was to treat—more *Germanorum*—specially and exhaustively, of the same subject. The first volume of this work which now lies before us, and which the author calls "Holbein and his Times," fully answers the expectations raised by Dr. Woltmann's former productions. The first three chapters are merely introductory. They give, besides a general account of art in Germany, a full and vivid description of Augsburg, the famous town of German Renaissance, of its political and religious struggles, and its close relations with Italy. A special chapter is devoted to "Hans Holbein, the Father," and the subsequent portion of the volume refers to "Hans Holbein the Son." We are unable to do full justice to so important a work in a general notice like the present. We must therefore confine ourselves to the simple statement that Dr. Woltmann's production is worthy of the highest praise. The author's judgment is sound and unbiassed, and his style very agreeable. As a further recommendation, we may mention that the numerous illustrations, several of which have now been published for the first time, are remarkably well executed, and that the book itself is beautifully produced in all respects. The second volume will chiefly refer to Hans Holbein's activity in England. We shall then have an opportunity of analyzing the work as a whole, and, unless its publication be too long deferred, we may possibly compare it—certainly not invidiously—with an English work on the same subject, which is, as we understand, about to appear, by Mr. Wornum.

Hans Holbein is generally considered the painter of German Renaissance *par excellence*, for it was he who first dared "to shake off the fetters of mediæval tradition, and to enter upon the new path," to do which, as Dr. Woltmann asserts, even Dürer did not dare. Dr. Zahn, however, the author of "Dürer's Technology, and his Relation to the Renaissance," claims a considerable share for Germany's greatest painter in the cultivation and spread of the artistic revival in his own country. To prove this is the principal object of the production just named, and in so far it may be considered as a very valuable addition to the copious "Dürer Literature." We must not omit to mention, however, another interesting feature of Dr. Zahn's work. It is the first which gives a full critical analysis of Dürer's literary productions, showing that they are part and parcel of his artistic genius, and that without them our estimation of the latter would be incomplete. Dr. Zahn's work is the result of deep critical studies, and is sure to attract the atten-

* Hans Holbein der Jüngere. Text von Dr. A. Woltmann. Berlin: G. Schauer. London: Asher & Co.

Hans Holbein und seine Zeit. Von Dr. A. Woltmann. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Asher & Co.

Dürer's Kunstlehre, etc. Von Dr. A. v. Zahn. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

Angelica Kaufmann. Wien: Prandel & Ewald. London: Nutt & Co.

Künstlerroman. Von Hackländer. Stuttgart: Krabbe. London: Asher & Co.

Die Dänen hinter dem Danewerk. Von M. Norden. Leipzig: B. Fehicke. London: Asher & Co.

See und Landgeschichten aus Schleswig-Holstein. Von M. Norden. London: Asher & Co.

Buckarest und Stambul. Von R. Kunisch. Berlin: Nicolaische Verlagsbuchhandlung. London: Asher & Co.

Aus Meinen Leben. Von Kaiser Maximilian. Leipzig: Dunker & Humblot. London: Nutt & Co.

Geographisches Jahrbuch. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

Am Wege. Von J. G. Kohl. Bremen: Müller. London: Nutt & Co.

Das Sittliche Leben. Von J. Frauenstädt. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

Herbstabende und Winternächte. Von L. Ettmüller. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Asher & Co.

tion of artists and art-critics. The biographical sketch of another German artist, who, like Holbein, found in England a second home, is a production of far inferior pretensions.

The "Life of Angelica Kaufmann" is a free adaptation of Signor Gherardo de Rossi's "Vita," written in Italian. The German author is honest enough to announce this fact on the title-page; and although he calls his production, rather ostentatiously, "A Contribution to the History of Art in the Nineteenth Century," he is again candid enough to show the real tenor of his biographical memoir by adding the words, "edited for the encouragement of Christian young ladies who will peruse this altogether well-written biography, will gather some wholesome lessons from the incident of Angelica Kaufmann's unfortunate first marriage, and will not fail to consult their parents when a foreign 'count,' with charming manners and an agreeable appearance, makes them an offer of marriage—whether they devote themselves to artistic studies or not. The life of Angelica Kaufmann was, with the exception of the hapless adventure of her first marriage, barren of romantic incidents. Still, we should not feel surprised to see her name figuring one day on the title-page of a *cultur-historischen* romance in half a dozen volumes. And, for aught we know, such a formidable work may already exist, especially as the Germans are rather fond of writing, and, we suppose, also of reading, "art-novels." We have lately received such a *Künstlerroman* from the versatile pen of Herr Hackländer, bearing the generic name of "art-novel." The work is being published in numbers—*lieferungen*, as the Germans have it—and the twelve parts before us are sufficient to show that Herr Hackländer has, at least temporarily, lost a great deal of his pristine freshness and playful humour. The scene of the "Künstlerroman" is laid in a town situated on the Rhine, possessing a picture gallery and an academy for artists. The reader, of course, at once recognises in these particulars the town of Düsseldorf. Roderich, the hero of the novel, is blessed with youth, wealth, and fame; and the daughter of an impoverished nobleman, whose pride goes hand-in-hand with her penury, condescends to marry the man of lofty genius and ample fortune. The marriage, however, does not prove a happy one, and aspiring art and impoverished nobility agree to separate for ever. One of the principal causes of this conjugal dissension is the jealousy felt by the artist's wife with regard to a beautiful Spanish lady (Spanish ladies are proverbially beautiful—in novels), who belongs to the same profession as Roderich. Then comes a sharp contest about the young daughter of this unhappy family, and this leads to some clever kidnapping on the part of Roderich's aristocratic wife. We cannot say much for the delineation of the characters in the "Künstlerroman;" but there are some very interesting descriptions of artist life in the "town on the Rhine," the most striking of which is that of the "Frühlings Künstlerfest"—the Artists' Spring Festival—with which all who have spent that season at Düsseldorf are doubtless familiar. Herr Hackländer's novel, as we mentioned before, has been issued in parts—a method of publication which has been introduced into Germany in imitation of the English fashion, but which is hardly likely to answer in that country, where a novel in three volumes is read and digested in one day. We do not know how many more parts are likely to follow; but we have already seen enough of "Künstlerroman" to justify us in saying that it does not equal the former productions of the same author.

We have fortunately not received as yet any novels with reference to the late German war—we call it German, because the two principal belligerent Powers are so designated, although the forces on one side were certainly anything but German. Works of this kind, however, are sure to come in due time, with such titles as "Before Königgratz," "The Prussians at Prague," "From Berlin to Florisdorf," &c. In the mean time, the stream of novels referring, really or nominally, to the Danish war, is flowing on uninterruptedly. Herr M. Norden gives us something which he calls an "historical novel," under the attractive title of "The Danes behind the Danewerk." The author's intention is evidently to paint a picture of the state of Schleswig and the treatment of the Germans by the Danes, before and during the war; but it strikes us that Herr Norden does not make out his case in a very impressive manner. The things which he describes as going on in Schleswig might just have happened in any other country where different nationalities live peaceably together, like the members of the "happy family." A German entrusted with public moneys is accused of having appropriated a large sum. His son takes the guilt upon himself, and is imprisoned accordingly. During the war, he escapes, and the innocence of both father and son is clearly proved. The story, which is intermixed with the usual amount of commonplace lovmaking, closes with the withdrawal of the Danes from the Danewerk. The "Land and Sea Stories of Schleswig-Holstein," by the same author, are likely to prove more attractive—not so much, however, for the narrative as for the descriptive part of the tales. The author has interwoven some very fine pictures of the islands situate on the coast of Schleswig. Ancient customs and peculiar manners still prevail in those rather unknown places which are both interesting and original. On the same score, we are also able to recommend the travelling sketches of Herr Kunisch, entitled "Buckarest and Stambul." They are written in a lively and sparkling style, and unfold a series of most interesting sketches of the countries and nations whose acquaintance the author has made; and even those readers to whom Mr. Paget's excellent work on Hungary may be known, will derive fresh instruction and amusement in the descriptions of Hungarian life by Herr Kunisch. The physical aspect of the

country is, of course, the same as it was when Mr. Paget gave to the world one of the very best books ever written on Hungary; but the social habits of the people have considerably altered—although, perhaps, not quite sufficiently to make Hungary a thoroughly civilized *European* country—and the once buoyant political life has undergone a thorough change.

"Travels in Italy" must nowadays, as a rule, be exceedingly good or execrably bad to attract attention. In the present case, however, the work has been written by an Imperial hand; and this, with the world at large, is in itself sufficient to attract curiosity. The book is called "Aus Meinem Leben, Reiseskizzen, Aphorismen, Gedichte" (Memoirs of my Life, Travelling Sketches, Aphorisms, Poems). Although published privately in the first instance, some copies of the Emperor Maximilian's production got at once into circulation. The first volume, which is dated 1851, contains the "Travelling Sketches from Italy" alluded to. The author has, of course, a great deal to say on the beauties of nature and art. In speaking of the former he employs the rather sentimental and high-flown language natural in a young man. But in treating of objects of art the style becomes at once clear and temperate, and the critical views are such as might be expected from an able and experienced art-critic. This circumstance might suggest the supposition that the critical portion of the work has been touched up either by the Emperor himself at a later period, or by some literary *spiritus familiaris*, which genus is said to be of great service to Imperial book-makers. The Emperor Maximilian's account of his visit to the Court of Ferdinand II., King of Naples, better known by the name of *Re Bomba*, is of considerable interest, and throws much light on the subsequent conduct of his son, the present Royal exile. The author describes him as "a youth of fifteen years of age, rather tall, but still quite a boy in manners and dress;" and further on he says: "The poor youth is very timid, which may be the result of the severe manner in which he is brought up; they keep him apart from all intercourse with the world, and endeavour to preserve his childlike character." No wonder that a Prince with such an injudicious education, and not gifted by nature with any ability whatever, should turn out a bad sovereign. The Imperial author severely reflects on the strange habits of the courtiers at Naples. Even the first dignitaries of the kingdom, when they came into the Royal presence, bent the left knee, and made a motion with the right hand, expressive of the homage of kissing hands. Even a Hapsburg Prince could not help ridiculing so servile a proceeding.

With the Court fare our august traveller was also greatly dissatisfied. *Re Bomba* treated him with the usual Italian *cuisine* which, with a superabundance of the eternal macaroni, is poor enough, and, after dinner, he forced the Imperial guest to smoke a cigar in the presence of the Queen, in spite of his blank refusal to commit so palpable a breach of common etiquette.

The scientific travellers and learned geographers of Germany have united to issue a "Geographisches Jahrbuch" (Geographical Yearbook), which, in point of excellence, correctness, and comprehensiveness, surpasses all other similar publications. In our last general notice of French Literature we observed of the "Année Géographique" that it was without a competitor; and we mentioned at the same time that in Germany there exists only Petermann's "Geographische Mittheilungen," a monthly periodical of considerable value, but no publication like the French Annual. Shortly after this statement had appeared, however, we received a portly volume which is likely to become a dangerous rival of its Parisian precursor. Dr. Behm's publication is, in fact, a condensed Encyclopædia, embracing every topic belonging to geography and statistics. If the subsequent volumes equal the present, the series is sure to become an indispensable standard work in geographical and statistical literature, not only for professional or amateur geographers and statisticians, but for every one who writes or speaks on politics. The articles are, one and all, exceedingly well-written, and for the present purpose it will be sufficient to mention that among the array of celebrated contributors there occur the names of H. Berghaus, H. W. Dove, A. Petermann, K. von Scherzer, R. von Schlagintweit, E. von Sydow, and C. Vogel, who are well known even in this country.

We have also before us a new publication from a well-known traveller, the title of which is likely to mislead the public at first sight. There is hardly an author who has contributed more largely to the literature of travels than Herr J. G. Kohl; and, on coming across a work of his bearing the title "Am Wege" (On the Road), we are justified in expecting some new travelling sketches. The author has, however, evidently no wish to impose upon us, for he at once appends to this title the explanatory words, "Blicke in Gemüth und Welt in Aphorismen," which we would venture to render, "Glances into the Human Heart and the World in Aphorisms." The word *gemüth*, however, is one of those peculiar national terms which defy translation—like the English expression *comfort*, and the French *spirituel*. It is rather a bold idea to add a work of aphorisms to a literature in which a Goethe and a Jean Paul have laid down, in classical and pregnant language, nearly every conceivable maxim about man and the world. But, according to a saying of the former, every grand and good idea has already been conceived, and we can only try to express it in some slightly varying form. We cannot say that Herr Kohl has succeeded in a very signal manner in accomplishing this task; nevertheless, his production will be welcome to meditative readers. That Germany abounds in such readers is well known; and if all her philosophers had condescended to clothe their lofty conceptions in natural and popular language, philosophy

would have become the common property of the German people. In recent times this experiment has been tried, and with great success. German philosophers have made the discovery that it is possible to think like Hegel, and yet to write intelligibly like Goethe. We have a proof of this gratifying fact before us in Dr. Frauenstädt's masterly study on "Ethics." The successful labours of Schleiermacher are well known and fully appreciated by philosophical scholars, but by these only, although the writer's style is far superior to that of most German philosophers. To any one who is not thoroughly acquainted with the technical vocabulary of philosophy, his excellent works, "The Principles of Criticism in the Different Systems of Morality," "Memoir on the Scientific Notion of Virtue," &c., will be of little avail. The work by Frauenstädt, however, who is one of the most distinguished contemporary writers on philosophy, will be accessible to every well-educated man, desirous of enlightening himself on his duties as a rational being. Another commendable feature of the present work is the new aspect under which the author views the doctrines of morality and its obligations. His predecessors, Dr. Frauenstädt remarks, have mostly been nothing more than abstract moralists, who neglected to show the connection between morality and the physical, psychological, social, and political life of man. The learned author devotes nearly a full half of his work to the elucidation of this connection. And this characteristic feature constitutes the chief merit of his book, which will undoubtedly contribute towards making the science of ethics more popular in Germany than it has hitherto been.

We entertain some doubts whether Professor Ettmüller will be so successful in his attempt to popularize ancient German poetry as Dr. Frauenstädt has been in popularizing his apparently abstruse subject. That eminent literary historian is publishing under the homely title of "Herbstabende und Winternächte" ("Autumn Evenings and Winter Nights") a series of volumes on German poets and poetry, in dialogues. The personages into whose mouths the imaginary conversations are put belong chiefly to the aristocratic world, and use very high-flown language. In this the author has committed a great mistake. It is a universally acknowledged fact that German literature has been reared and fostered by the middle classes of Germany, and in making the expounders of German literature aristocrats only, the Professor is guilty of a palpable error, which, in a scholar who is fully familiar with the origin and rise of German literature, is unpardonable. A natural consequence of the form adopted by the author is, that the conversations are carried on on stilts. Had the author introduced common mortals only, he would have let them talk in the ordinary language of rational beings; but in making a noble countess the interpreter of his views, he probably thought it necessary that she should express herself grandly. Apart from this defect, Professor Ettmüller's work gives proof of deep learning and sound judgment. In the second volume before us, he treats of the German epic poems from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. He has not included the "Nibelungen Lied," anticipating that his readers will be acquainted with that celebrated poem, if not in its original High-German, at least through the excellent version of Professor Simrock into modern High-German. On the other hand, the learned author familiarizes his readers with many a valuable ancient German poem, half-forgotten by scholars, and quite unknown to the generality of readers. This is the principal merit of the work, which, in spite of its strange form, so unsuitable to modern taste and requirements, is well calculated to make ancient German poetry more popular than it actually is.

SHORT NOTICES.

Memoirs of the Geological Survey of Great Britain. (Longmans & Co.)—The volume which the publishers of the "Geological Survey" have just issued is one which, like those which have preceded it, reflects the highest credit upon the distinguished workers in the field of British geology. The present volume is the result of the joint labours of Professor Ramsay and Mr. J. W. Salter, and deals with the geological structure of North Wales, and the organic remains which its stratified beds contain. It is in every respect a most valuable addition to scientific literature, being comprehensive in detail, lucid in description, and thoroughly accurate in fact. Even in regard to its mere mechanical features, it is a noble book, full of admirable lithographs of the fossil remains of the Cambrian and Silurian rocks, and abounding in well-arranged and carefully constructed "sections." To the practical geologist and mining engineer, it must always be a standard work of reference, and we doubt not it will be frequently referred to. On the other hand, to the student of theoretical physical geology it supplies facts for the solution of all those wonderful problems to which the author of the celebrated treatise on "Siluria" has for years devoted his best energies. The plan of the book is to give first a general sketch of the geology of Wales, and then such a detailed account of the geology of North Wales that the reader may, with its aid, pursue the study of any minute geological area he wishes to investigate. This plan has been very successfully carried out, and, although in some few instances the local geologist may have to refer to the larger maps of the "Survey" for information as to very limited districts, in at least nine cases out of ten he will find all that he wishes to know in the book before us. The system of classification is remarkably good, and, however we may object to the limitation of the Silurian or Cambrian deposits which Professor Ramsay adopts, we admit that for all practical purposes the results of his labours are equally valuable to the geologist in the field and in the study.

Last Words of Eminent Persons: comprising, in the Majority of Instances, a Brief Account of their Last Hours. Compiled by Joseph

Kaines. (Routledge & Sons.)—The general subject of which this book is an illustration was treated at some length in the columns of this Journal a fortnight ago. Death is indeed the most eternally-interesting fact in life; and the last words of all people have a certain awful value and significance. Those of eminent men are, of course, peculiarly interesting, and so comprehensive a collection as this has not hitherto been made. The work entitled "The Book of Death," to which the present compiler acknowledges his obligations, was simply confined to the last hours of remarkable Christians, and was therefore somewhat theological and didactic in its tone. But death is too universal a fact to be thus pressed into the service of any belief, however excellent; and Mr. Kaines has, we think, done wisely in setting aside a formal purpose in his book, and giving us the widest set of examples he could obtain, without reference to creed or want of creed. With perfect truth does he remark:—"The dying acquit themselves in the last agony variously, according to their mental habits and moral training. The nervous, whether religious or not religious, are filled with apprehension, and often cause watching friends much pain. The calm and self-possessed, whether religious or not religious, die with ease and resignation. Temperaments cling to us to the last. We meet death with more or less fortitude, as we have met trouble and difficulties in active life. Some are fearful, anxious, and perturbed; others collected and cool. Deathbeds, as our reading and experience inform us, are not irrefragable tests of a man's religious convictions and opinions. To estimate men by the manner of their deaths is as unsafe as it is unfair, for frequently 'the wise man dieth even as the fool.' Bodily weakness may bring both to a level. A clouded intellect may make the last hours of the Christian sad to witness, his last words sadder to hear." In saying thus much, Mr. Kaines does not seek to undervalue religious faith (which, indeed, he insists on), but simply wishes to guard us against forming rash, and sometimes very uncharitable, generalizations. His volume contains a variety of instances of the last moments of eminent men and women, impartially selected from works of authority, and is necessarily, though a compilation, a work of great interest, from the nature of the subject. Some omissions, however, might be supplied in a second edition. We have looked in vain for an account of the last moments of Porson and of Cardinal Wiseman (of the death of the latter a most elaborate narrative was published about a year and a quarter ago); and, in enumerating the instances of sudden death on the stage, mention should have been made of Harley, who, though not actually expiring on the boards, was struck with death during his performance of Lancelot Gobbo, at the Princess's Theatre, in 1858.

Elgin: and a Guide to Elgin Cathedral, Once Denominated "the Lantern of the North." Together with Some Pious and Religious Reflections within the Old Walls, Evolved by the Resident Spirit of the Ruins. By the Old Cicerone of Elgin Cathedral. (Published for the Author by J. C. Hotten.)—We suppose that "Elgin men throughout the world," to whom this volume is dedicated, and perhaps all Scotchmen, will see the "wut," or humour, or point, or whatever it may be, of the "Old Cicerone's" rambling stories, reminiscences, and pleasantries. For our own part, we don't see it. The writing seems to us to be sometimes dull, sometimes grandiloquent, sometimes not very decent, and generally obscure and misty. That may be because we do not look from the Elgin point of view; and to Elgin men, accordingly, we leave the production.

Word-Paintings. In Series. (Chapman & Hall.)—This is a strange, wild, mystical book, taking the form of a story, over which the veritable Medusa of the ancients seems to be the presiding influence. The tale is divided into thirteen sections, respectively headed—"Medusa in the Temple," "Medusa in the Tower," "Medusa in the Loggia," "Medusa in the Palazzo dei Neri," "Medusa in the Vault," "Medusa in the Gallery," "Medusa in the Salon de Jeu," "Medusa in the Moonlight," "Medusa in the Vessel," "Medusa in the Duomo," "Medusa at the Bal Masqué," "Medusa in the Studio," and "Medusa behind the Scenes." Of the story itself we cannot pretend to give any notion; but it appears to us that the author has wasted some amount of imaginative power on a needlessly wild and extravagant subject.

Wine as it should be. By James L. Denman. (London: 20, Piccadilly.)—Mr. Denman, in a short pamphlet, sums up the case between pure and artificial wines, and certainly puts forward the strongest pleas in favour of the former, and some excellent reasons in support of them. We have before written on this subject, and our views remain the same. There is a superstitious belief in port and sherry as institutions, and horrible compounds are imposed upon the public under both descriptions: Hambro' sherry, for example, and port, which has no connection whatever with its hypothetically native country. Mr. Denman demands a trial for Santorin, Kefessia, Thera, and Patras, and all he asks for them is a clear palate and no favour. We should be glad of anything as a substitute for the brandied decoctions to which custom condemns us; and as the classic vintages supply it, we should regard the change with considerable satisfaction.

Cholera, its Symptoms and Treatment. By A. O. Jones, M.D. (Jackson, Walford, & Hodder.)—A puff on the camphor treatment, with prescriptions, gratis, which are probably worth what the author gives them away for. We should recommend our readers not to trust any of these brochures, and to consult a good physician when they suspect the approach of disease. One of the first qualifications for a respectable doctor just now is that he has neither written to the papers, nor put his name to a thing like this.

Thoughts concerning Infanticide. By Mrs. M. A. Baines. (Chapman & Hall.)—This is a reprint of an article from Dr. Lankester's *Journal of Social Science*, and, though the subject is of interest at this moment, we cannot say as much for the way in which it is treated. Perhaps a lady should deal with it inefficiently; but why, then, touch it at all?

MR. DICKENS intends to give another series of readings, to commence immediately after Christmas.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

READERS and lovers of Chaucer will be much interested by an article in the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which some "new facts" in the life of our earliest poet are brought forward. The writer—Mr. Edward A. Bond—says he has had the fortune to meet with the name of Chaucer in some fragments of an old Household Account. The lady for whom this Account was kept appears to have been Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of William de Burgh, the last Earl of Ulster of that name, and wife of Prince Lionel, third son of Edward III. She was also connected with the Royal family of England by descent from Joan of Acre, daughter of Edward I. The Geoffrey Chaucer mentioned in the Account, Mr. Bond thinks there can be no question was the illustrious man who afterwards wrote the "Canterbury Tales." He was employed in some capacity—probably that of a page—in the household of the Countess; and a certain Philippa, an attendant on the lady, is supposed to be the same Philippa whom Chaucer subsequently married. To make good these theories, however, Mr. Bond is obliged to assume that the poet was really twelve years younger than his biographers suppose him to have been; but he thinks he is justified in this by the reference to his age made by Chaucer himself in giving evidence in the famous dispute between the families of Scrope and Grosvenor as to the right to certain armorial bearings. The Countess resided principally at Hatfield, in Yorkshire, then in the hands of the Crown; and Mr. Bond thinks that Chaucer's "future editors may perhaps be able to distinguish a character in his language and local description traceable to his familiarity" with the North of England.

A correspondent of the *Publishers' Circular*, who recently paid a visit to Harrow, writes to that publication:—"I was sorry to find the tomb which is generally called Byron's tomb in a sad state of dilapidation. In one of his letters to his publisher, Mr. Murray, written only two years before his death, Byron says: 'There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot.' The name on the tombstone, which is a large raised slab placed horizontally, was, I think, 'Peachey,' not 'Peachie;' but this question—if of any importance—must now be considered as involved in obscurity. The slab is split across and across, and of the name the letters 'Peac' are now all that remain, for a great fragment of the stone has fallen off, and become lost. While on the subject of Harrow associations, I cannot help expressing regret that the old license to every boy to cut his name upon some panel or door is now at an end. No one can deny that the old schoolroom at Harrow, every inch of which is covered with names and initials, many of which have become famous in history, is the most interesting of all the sights of Harrow. The present generation of Harrovians will leave no such mementoes of themselves. A flat has long gone forth against all sculpturing of panels, doors, or desks. As a substitute for the old system, I find that 'boards are put up on which the names are neatly carved in regular order and of uniform size.' In these, however, the boys have no hand, except to pay a fee of half-a-crown each to the carver. How the authorities can imagine that these formal inscriptions can ever possess any interest, I do not know. The rude carvings of the Peels, and Sheridans, and Palmerstons, are, of course, only interesting because done by the boys themselves."

Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" have been withdrawn from circulation by the Messrs. Moxon & Co., who appear to have come rather tardily to the conclusion that a production so offensive to morality, and even to common decency, does no credit to a house which has hitherto held a high place among our publishing firms. It may be said of this work that it is not only objectionable in itself, but the cause of a great deal of objectionable writing in others. We commented last week on the needlessly plain terms in which the *Saturday Review* denounced Mr. Swinburne's indecencies; and this week the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its issue of Monday evening, committed the same error. Some of the most corrupt of the poet's expressions are superfluously picked out, and exhibited by the critic; and the very worst passage in the volume is quoted at length. When Virtue undertakes to be the showman to Vice, no matter with what amount of shuddering and indignant protest, she is little better than a pander.

Mr. J. F. W. De Salis recently read a paper at the Archaeological Institute "On the Coins issued by the Roman Mint of London from A.D. 287 to A.D. 330." He commenced with a description of the early coins of Carausius, which are of inferior workmanship and without mint-marks. "These were succeeded, during the later part of his reign and that of Allectus, by coins of better fabric, bearing the mint-marks of London and Camulodunum, copper only being found of the latter. The coins of Carausius and Allectus were struck between 287 and 296, and all the remaining coins with the mint-marks L, LN, or LON belong to the reign of Constantine. After the restoration in 296, we have, instead of the copper denarius issued by the two usurpers, a larger coin called the *folles*, which gradually decreases in size from, say a penny, to a farthing. No gold was issued in London during this period." Having described the coins in issue from 296 to 333, Mr. De Salis remarked that the suppression of the mint of London was one of the many administrative changes which attended the transfer to the east of the Imperial residence. "A temporary revival of this mint took place under Magnus Maximus, who rebelled in Britain in 383. There are very rare gold solidi with the mint-mark AVGOB, which are much more likely to belong to Londinium Augusta than to Augusta Treverorum. No coins with the mint-mark AVGOB have been found of the successors of Magnus Maximus, and it is probable that the mint of London, which he was obliged to revive after his successful rebellion, was again closed when he found himself in possession of the western empire after the overthrow of Gratian."

The collection of manuscripts formed by the late Rev. Dr. Wellesley, of New Inn Hall, Oxford, has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge. The following are among the most interesting:—"Album Amicorum Jacobi Lauri," enriched with miniatures

and coats of arms, £7. 7s.; "Allestree, Calendarium Oxoniense," £5; "Brunozzi, Arme Pistolesi," £8. 8s.; "Cascia dela Marcha, Incomencia Lordene della Vita Christiana," £39; "Ceremonies de l'Eglise Romaine, sœc. xvi.," £6. 10s.; "Vanderdort's Catalogue of the Collection of Pictures, Medals, &c., of King Charles I., removed from St. James's to Whitehall," a fair copy made for the King's own use, £20; "Cronica di Venezia," with shields of arms, £10. 10s.; "Docti de Daulis, dell' Edificazione di Patalomia al Monte Rosso," £12; "Commission from Andrea Gritti, Doge of Venice," £4; another from Francesco Donato, £3. 15s.; "Federici, Scrutinio della Nobilita Ligustica," £7; Arms of the Knights of the Garter, £5. 2s. 6d.; a volume of Heraldic Papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, £8. 8s.; Arms of the Gentry of Herefordshire, £4. 4s.; Arms of Italian Families, £29. 2s. 6d.; a curious collection of "Nouvelle," £10. 10s.; Ordinary of Crests, £5. 7s. 6d.; Armorial Bearings of the Colleges of Oxford, £6. 10s.; "Segaloni, Priorista Fiorentino," £29. 10s.; "Alphabet of Arms of the Gentry of Salop," £7. 7s.; "The Libro d'Oro of the Sanuto Family," £14; "Account of the principal Venetian Families in 1631," £5; Arms of the Nobility and Gentry of Wales, £7. 2s. 6d.; "A Wappen Buch, with Coats of Arms, emblazoned," £4. 15s.; "Sketch Books," by J. Malochair, of Oxford, £27. 10s.

A meeting has been held at the London Tavern, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial of respect and esteem to the Rev. David Alfred Dondney, the editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, *Old Jonathan*, &c. The testimonial consisted of a clock, with a purse of £400; and the occasion selected was the centenary of the *Gospel Magazine*. Mr. Alderman Abbiss was in the chair. There were 653 subscribers to the testimonial, and the smallest sum subscribed was 5d., the gift of a widow.

The Paston Letters have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge, to the British Museum.

Mr. W. Tarbutt, of Cranbrook, writes to the effect that the paragraph which appeared in our impression of the 4th inst., stating that he is a gentleman who "travels with Bunyan's works as his sole professional duties," is incorrect.

"The necessities of the Ayr Incorporation of Shoemakers," says the *Ayrshire Express*, "compel them to dispose of the most valuable property in their possession—the auld clay biggin,' dear to all Scotsmen, and to every admirer of the greatest lyric genius of this or any country—if they would maintain, and desire to enhance, the yearly allowances of their aged members. We understand the cottage is now to be exposed by private bargain, at such a price as it may bring. The honour of becoming proprietor of the building hallowed by so many heart-stirring associations as the natal spot of our great national poet, is one that cannot fail to be coveted by many." The meaning of this rather high-flown paragraph is that Burns's cottage is to be sold.

"Artemus Ward" is said to have been engaged by *Punch*, to which he will contribute a series of English sketches from an American point of view.

Mr. W. Aldis Wright, M.A., the Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, has lately found among the college manuscripts a curious little poem on the death of Archbishop Scrope, who was beheaded in 1405.

M. de Montalembert is seriously ill. A journey by easy stages to Switzerland is talked of, but it seems doubtful whether he will be able to undertake it.

The *Globe* evening newspaper has passed into the hands of a new proprietor, and will be published in October, at the reduced price of twopence. Rumour says that it will change from a Whig to a Conservative Government organ.

A series of letters is being published in the Paris journal, *L'Evénement*, as from the ghost of Joseph Addison. Judging from the translated specimens given by a Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum*, the essayist's style is not very happily imitated.

The Consiglio di Perfezionamento—an annex of the Royal Technical Institute of Palermo—have just brought out the second half of their "Giornale di Scienze Naturali ed Economiche," royal quarto, illustrated with engravings. Its contents are varied and interesting.

An "English Philology," for the Oxford University Press, is announced. It is by the Rev. J. Earle, editor of the "Saxon Chronicle," and late Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle, Bart., of the Custom House, is about to collect in a separate volume his contributions in verse to the *Cornhill*, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals.

Mr. Arthur a'Beckett (son of the late Gilbert Abbott a'Beckett), has a new work in the press, entitled, "Our Roving Commissioner," consisting of a number of light sketches upon various subjects. It will be sold at the railway stations, at the low price of 6d.

Mr. Sutherland Edwards's first novel, "The Three Louisas" (which, says the "Flâneur" of the *Morning Star*, has been wittily nicknamed "Unlimited Loo"), is on the eve of publication.

Messrs. RICHARDSON & Co., of New York, announce for early publication a series of educational works especially intended for Southern schools and universities, to be called "The Southern University Series."

Mr. BENTLEY announces for publication, in a few days, a new novel, entitled "Which shall it be?"

Mr. ALEXANDER STRAHAN will shortly publish "Dr. Austin's Guests," by Mr. William Gilbert, author of "Shirley Hall Asylum," "De Profundis," &c.; and "Wealth and Welfare," by Jeremiah Gotthelf, 2 vols., post 8vo.

Messrs. LONGMANS & Co. are about to issue a "Public Schools Latin Primer." It has received the sanction of the head masters of nine leading public schools, and has been carefully revised since the issue, some time ago, of a proof copy.

The Messrs. MOXON have just put forth a medallion portrait of Mr. Tennyson, by Woolner.

Mr. MASTERS will shortly publish "Selections New and Old," by a well-known writer, with a preface by the Bishop of Oxford.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR
THE WEEK.

- Ahn's (Dr F.) French Commercial Letter Writer. 2nd Edition. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Airy (G. B.) on the Undulating Theory of Optics. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
- Atkins (R.), The Average Clause; on Losses by Fire. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Aunt Louisa's London Toy Books. — John Gilpin, Nursery Songs, and Edith and Milly's Housekeeping. 4to., 1s. each.
- Brewer (Rev. Dr.), What shall we do with Tom? Feap., 1s. 6d.
- Carpenter's New British Song Book. 18mo., 1s.
- Standard Song Book, 18mo., 1s.
- Cassell's Illustrated Family Paper. Vol. III. 3rd Series. 4to., 5s.
- Crompton (T.), The Agency of the Church. Feap., 4s.
- Darton's School Library. Hewitt (J.), Elements of Geography. 18mo., 1s.
- Disraeli (B.), Curiosities of Literature. New edit. Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- Ede (G.), The Management of Steel. 4th edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Edwards (W.), Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Essays and Lectures on Indian Historical Subjects. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Ferguson (R.), America during and after the War. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Ferrers (N. M.), Elementary Treatise on Trilinear Coordinates. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.
- Gotthelf (J.), Wealth and Welfare. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 20s.
- Handbook for Westmoreland and Cumberland. Feap., 6s. 6d. (Murray's.)
- Harrow Atlas (The) of Modern Geography. New edit. Folio, 12s. 6d.
- Classical Geography. New edit. Folio, 12s. 6d.
- Harting (J. E.), The Birds of Middlesex. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- Holdsworth (W. A.), Law of Landlord and Tenant. Feap., 1s.
- Holiday Picture Book (The). 4to., 5s.
- Horace Hazlewood. Feap., 3s.
- Howitt (Mary), Birds and Flowers. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
- Our Cousins in Ohio. 2nd edit. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
- Keane (D.), The Nuisances Removal and Diseases Prevention Act. 5th edit. 12mo., 5s.
- King (J.), Interest Tables. New edit. 8vo., 12s.
- Knight (C.), Half Hours with the best Authors. New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 10s.
- Legend (The) of The Wandering Jew. 12 Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Folio, 15s.
- Maclear (Rev. G. F.), Shilling Book of Old Testament History. 18mo., 1s.
- Macaulay (Lord), Critical and Historical Essays. Cabinet edit. Vol. III. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
- Macnamara (M.C.), Lectures on the Diseases of the Eye. Part I. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Marsh (Mrs.), The Wilmingtons. New edit. Feap., 2s.
- Masterpieces of Foreign Literature. Royal 8vo., 5s.
- Moore (T.), British Ferns and their Allies. New edit. Feap., 1s.
- Notes and Expositions, by J.N.D. Feap., 2s.
- Procher (R. A.), Hand-book of the Stars. Feap., 5s.
- Public School (The) Latin Primer. Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Reid (W.), After the War. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Ross (C.H.), Merry Conceits and Whimsical Rhymes. Imperial 16mo., 2s. 6d.
- St. John (P. B.), The Countess Miranda. New edit. Feap., 2s.
- Shakespeare Handy Volume Edition. Vol. 4. 32mo., 1s.
- Shot Gun (The) and the Sporting Rifle, by "Stonehenge." New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Slaber (W. F.), The Religious Opportunities of the Heathen before Christ. Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Smith (W.), Principia Latina. Part V. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Stephen (Serjt.), Principles of Pleading in Civil Actions. 7th edition, by F. F. Pinder. 8vo., 16s.
- Smith, Elder & Co., Shilling Series: A Bad Beginning, by K. T. Macquoid. Feap., 1s.
- Tracts, by a Layman. Feap., 2s. 6d.
- Waddington (J.), Surrey Congregational History. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
- Wheaton (H.), Elements of International Law. 8th edit. Royal 8vo., 30s.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SCIENCE.

MONEY AND COMMERCE:—

The Money Market.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—

Charles Lamb.—Studies in European Politics.—Lectures on Painting.—The Seven Bishops of the Tower.—Miss Braddon's First Novel.—The Conflict of Good and Evil.—The Scientific Periodicals.—Short Notices.

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The ANNUAL MEETING was held on Friday, the 10th inst., Charles Turner, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.
The following is an epitome of the Report:—

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"The progress of the Company, as respects the amount of business effected, has been satisfactory, the returns of duty published by Parliament, on the motion of the Chairman of this Company, exhibiting by far the largest measure of increase which the Company has ever experienced.

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"The Directors have likewise to report that the Life funds have increased by the sum of £103,146, the accumulated funds of this department now amounting to £740,458. As an addition of at least £100,000 per annum to these accumulations during the next ten years may now be fairly anticipated, it is within reasonable expectation that during this period the Life funds will approach nearly to £2,000,000 sterling.

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This Report was unanimously adopted.

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